

YOUTH RESTORED TO AGED MEN BY FRENCH SURGEON

PARIS, Oct. 11.—The victor of youth can be restored to aged men by a very simple operation and already there have been two successful cases at the clinic of Dr. Sargis Voronoff, famous French surgeon, who has amazed the medical world by his discovery.

In an interview given to Ward Price, special correspondent of the Paris edition of the London Daily Mail, Dr. Voronoff said:

"At the present moment in France there are two old men whom I have restored to youthful health and vigor by grafting into them intestinal glands from young apes. The operation is simple and only a local anesthetic is necessary. You cut open the skin and introduce the tissue, then sew up the incision and nature does the rest. The process of assimilation is soon completed."

"One man was operated on seven months ago. He was a Parisian, 55 years old, and prominent in public affairs. His vitality had been exhausted by a life of hard work. His figure was bowed and he looked decrepit. Now he walks upright and with the utmost vigor. His brain is clear and active. He sleeps well and has the hearty appetite of a man in the prime of life."

Noisy Marathoners Halted by Police

ALAMEDA, Oct. 11.—Japanese boys running a marathon on Duena Vista avenue were so enthusiastic in the use of their vocal chords last night that residents of the neighborhood were disturbed. The police, who were called to the scene, told the runners to stop. The boys, who were running for a prize, refused to stop and the police were forced to use force to stop them.

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FAIRNESS AND
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THE PAINLESS DENTIST
1110 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.
Next to Broadway Theatre
Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Look for Mr. Barber and Mr. Ground
Floor Laboratory
PHONE LAKESIDE 353

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Frederick Schultz, Mgr.
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11:30 to 2:30

Special Sunday Dinner
12 M. to 9 P. M.

Also a la Carte at Popular Prices

Refined
Dinner
Every
Evening
Jazz
Orchestra

Dance Tonight

MAPLE HALL
at 14th and Webster

Under New Management
DAN COAKLEY'S ORCHESTRA
Class Lessons Mon. eve., Fri. eve.
SOCIAL DANCE
THURSDAY EVENINGS
Private Lessons by Appointment.
Halls for Rent for Social or Private Parties.
PHONE OAKLAND 2023.

HAVE COLOR IN CHEEKS
Be Better Looking—Take Olive Tablets

To have a clear, pink skin, bright eyes, no pimples, a feeling of buoyancy like childhood days, you must keep your body free from poisonous wastes. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil) act on the liver and bowels like calomel, yet have no dangerous after effect. Take one nightly and note results. They start the bile and overcome constipation. That's why millions of boxes are sold annually. 10c and 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Itchiness, Itching, Redness, Color and Itching. Cleanses and Softens Hair. Restores Color and Shine. 10c and 25c. Sold Everywhere.

Poet's Verse Makes Council Quiver Bars Garage to House a Flivver

BERKELEY, Oct. 11.—A portable garage, which threatened to deface the natural beauty of the neighborhood in the vicinity of Le Conte and La Loma avenues, so aroused Arthur Lawrence Bolton, employee of the University of California, that he was moved to turn poet.

Bolton voiced his woes in a letter of protest sent to the city council yesterday, supplemented by verse, in which he tells the city fathers of the beauties of the section in which he resides, dwelling particularly upon a canyon at the intersection of the two streets named. Members of the council were startled out of their wits by the poet's verse, which he called "City Clerk." G. Briggs, drawing the rhythmic lines of the poetical protestant. It was the first time they had ever been addressed in rhyme.

W. Rushmore, the innocent cause of all the trouble, listened to Bolton's poem and one or two other protests and then he rose from his place in the council chamber.

"If you face that I am going to build a garage can cause all this excitement, then I'll withdraw my request," he told the council. "I had only planned to erect a temporary portable building, owing to the fact that I could not find a more or less place of residence, but I never intended to stir up anything like this."

The council ordered the request withdrawn and a score or more residents of the hill district in attendance at the meeting to voice protests filed from the meeting room.

Bolton, who resides at 1720 La Loma avenue, declares that a garage would despoil the beauty of a canyon in the hill section. His poem of protest, in which he describes the attractions of the canyon follows:

This is the glen where in the still of night
The great owl hoots at the city light;
Where phantom bats dart in and out
And glow worms set their lamps about;
Where wildwood and the city meet
The boundary, the forest, the street;
Where little children laugh and play
Throughout the live-long summer day;
Where leafy shadows' cooling shade
The sunlight's piercing shafts evade;
Where squirrels and birds a refuge take,
Preserve it for the children's sake!

VAUDEVILLE SHOW ATTRACTS THROG ALAMEDA HONEY OUTPUT IS LIGHT

BERKELEY, Oct. 11.—As vaudevillians, students of the Berkeley high school showed their ability last night when they gave their semi-annual variety program before a large audience. The boys' and girls' Glee Club furnished music. There were ten skits on the program.

Sketches were given by: Jack Koster, Arthur Johnson, Clifton Agnew, Arthur Thorsen, Jack Gompertz, Fred Hurt, Thomas Dabagh, Bertride Ludlow, Kent Pursel, Zella McCreary, Dorothy Ritchie, Frances Seymour, Henry Morrison, James Gilling, Betty Harrows, Margaret Mann, Roberta Robinson, Cornelia Morris, Evelyn May, Anita Avila.

The members of the glee club are: Anita Bolton, Grace Brough, Eva Coop, Mona Comer, Jeanette Crew, Lorna Doughty, Marjorie Duffie, Ruth Frazier, Alice Gagnelin, Hazel Gildewell, Enid Halfman, Ardis Jones, Isabelle Lattie, Elizabeth McCreary, Edith Mulholland, Edith Prindle, Laura Rosel, Sadie Teague, Dorothy Warren, Dorothy Howard, Lauris Cheney, Eldredge Gagnes, Forrest Horner, Kenneth Kane, Jack Koche, Harold Knowlton, Bertride Ludlow, Lowell Mell, William McDonald, Irwin McKee, Donald Moore, Kent Pursel, Neil See, Arthur Thorsen and Royce Wilson.

In charge of arrangements was the following committee: Murphy Cobb, general manager; Inman Rock, stage manager; Fuller Lyman, property manager; Hubert Kenny, electrician.

WOMAN TO FACE ASSAULT CHARGE

A formal charge of assault with intent to commit murder has been lodged against Mrs. Hilma Wasson, a nurse, following the serious shooting of W. L. Fitchbiel, striking shipyard worker, at 715 Fourth avenue.

Fitchbiel is reported to be recovering at a local hospital.

Statements of the wounded man and Mrs. Wasson conflict. Fitchbiel told police inspectors that he was supporting Mrs. Wasson, whose husband is in Seattle, and had told her to leave when he joined the strike when she shot him. Mrs. Wasson asserts an argument ensued between her and Fitchbiel when she tried to carry away some property.

Father, Son Drown, Boy's Body Found

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11.—With the finding yesterday of the body of Roy Nelson, age 10, afloat in the bay off the Howard street wharf, search was renewed today for the remains of the father and son, who is supposed to have been drowned with him.

The boy's body was found by Leo Collins of 46 Jackson street. It was identified by the medical examiner late in the afternoon.

The Nelsons left their home, an ark at the foot of Quesada avenue, Sunday evening, saying they were going for a ride in their sixteen-year-old car. The police found the yawl, empty, off Mission Rock the next day.

Holdup Gets \$35 at Gunpoint; Flees

The police were today investigating the robbery of Nick Dabelick, 903 Grove street, who was relieved of \$35 at the point of a gun at Fifteenth and Washington streets at a late hour last night.

Dabelick was walking home when the hold-up stepped out of the shadows and commanded him to throw up his hands. The highwayman worked fast and fled before Dabelick could call for help.

Rowell to Defend League at Berkeley

BERKELEY, Oct. 11.—Reasons why the covenant of the League of Nations should be ratified by the United States will be told by Chester Rowell, regent of the University of California and editor of the Fresno Republican, at a mass meeting to be held on Wednesday night at the high school auditorium.

H. W. Brunk, local attorney, will preside at the gathering.

Former S. F. Man Dies in Alameda

ALAMEDA, Oct. 11.—Frederick H. Hurlburt, former San Francisco business man, died last night in this city. He leaves a family of adult children. The children are Mrs. Frank Granger of Fresno and Leona M. Gertrude L. Hazel A. and Forrest C. Hurlburt of Alameda. The deceased was a native of Canada and 57 years of age. The funeral will be under the auspices of Oak Grove Lodge, F. & A. M.

RESTUCH FAMILY PUT IN LEAD BY VISIT OF STORK

ALAMEDA, Oct. 11.—The John Restuch family at 2511 Clay street, now claims the honor of being Alameda's largest family, leading the famous Cavanaugh family by a lap, or rather by an extra child on the lap of its mother. The arrival of the latest Restuch recruit this week in the person of Doris, a new daughter, makes fourteen children in the family. The Cavanaugh family comprises thirteen children. By adding a few sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, the Cavanaugh family can still out-number the Restuch family but for a straight "home" production and bonafide count, the Restuches are one to the good.

SCREAM HEARD IN PHONE; GIRL CALLS POLICE

ALAMEDA, Oct. 11.—A quick-witted supervisor in the Alameda exchange heard screams over the telephone late yesterday afternoon. Thinking that a tragedy might be impending, the supervisor notified the police, giving the residence number. The screams were uttered by a Haight avenue woman suffering from nervous collapse and in a state of hysteria. The police found a physician in attendance and the patient quieted.

SOLDIERS' OUTING PLAN IS CHANGED

ALAMEDA, Oct. 11.—C. R. Smith of Alameda Post of the American Legion is in San Francisco today discussing with Letterman hospital authorities and the Letterman Hospital Red Cross head, Galetta M. Rindge, plans of the Alameda post to provide auto rides for the sick and disabled service men at the hospital. There are nearly 1600 service men now at the hospital. The original plan of taking Alameda autos across the bay may be changed, owing to the difficulty in securing guaranteed ferriage for a given number of autos at a specified hour.

It was first planned to take sixty autos across the bay, but Smith is now submitting a plan to have the soldiers carried to the ferry in military machines, brought to the ferry in both bay and auto rides for the soldiers and probably be easier on the sick and disabled ones than the original plan of a trip to San Jose. If the new plan materializes the service men will probably be taken through Niles canyon to the water tower and back to Oakland by Dublin boulevard. Perhaps a run will be made over the new highway to Martinez and home over the tunnel.

U. C. Freshies to Teach Singing Upperclass in Harmony Shocks 'Em

BERKELEY, Oct. 11.—Upperclassmen of the University of California may teach the freshman class the traditions of the college, but the freshmen have decided to teach the upper classmen something, too.

The "babs" have made up their minds to teach the student population of the college how to sing. A quartet composed of members of the freshman glee club is planning to visit all the fraternity houses on the campus and instruct the freshmen how to sing the college songs in harmony.

And they are not satisfied merely to sing for the students—they intend that those who hear them shall profit by the lesson and shall sing with them.

To aid the movement, all gymnasium classes on Monday and Tuesday afternoons will spend part of the time rehearsing some of the college songs under the direction of the freshmen.

Mission Sunday School in New Home

ALAMEDA, Oct. 11.—The Perkins Memorial Mission Sunday school, the East End branch of Christ Episcopal church, is to be housed from now on in the old Lincoln school house building on the Lincoln school grounds. The building which the mission occupied for many years has been sold. Vacant houses and buildings are so scarce in Alameda that the mission was seriously handicapped through lack of suitable quarters when Superintendent of Schools C. J. Du Four agreed to give quarters in the old Lincoln school.

As soon as definite plans are made the listing of machines will be undertaken. It is desired to give the first ride a week from tomorrow.

BANKERS AT FALL MEETING

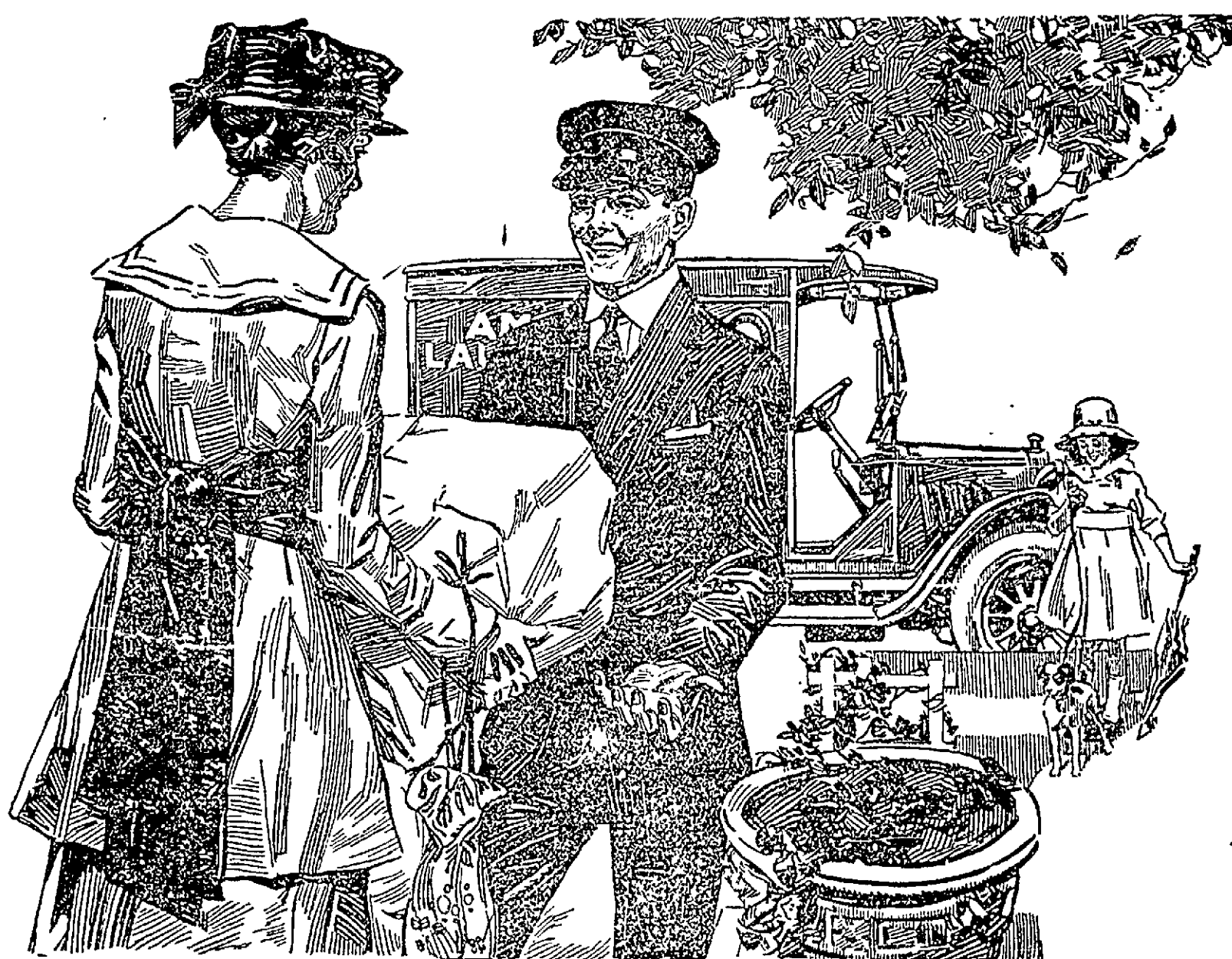
BERKELEY, Oct. 11.—Berkeley was well represented at the fall meeting of Group Six, California Bankers' Association, which met today at Stockton.

J. U. Calkins, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank and a resident of this city, talked on "Why State Banks Should Join the Federal Reserve System," while H. Blinn Hunter, auditor of the First National Bank of Berkeley, had as his subject "Bankers' Income Tax Problems."

W. F. Morrish, vice-president of the First National Bank of Berkeley, who is secretary of Group Six, was in attendance, as were G. L. Pae, assistant cashier of the bank, and T. Douglas, cashier of the Berkeley Bank of Savings and Trust Company. The Berkeley Branch of the Oakland Bank of Savings was represented by Ira A. Morris, manager, and H. C. Johnson, assistant manager.

Following the afternoon business session of the bankers, there will be a dinner at 6:30 at the Hotel Stockton, at which Mayor A. C. O'Callahan of Stockton will be toastmaster. There will be several speakers.

Group Six, California Bankers' Association, embraces Alameda, Contra Costa, San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Calaveras counties. There were 150 bankers in attendance at Saturday's meeting.



A Message to Women

The times have brought new and trying housekeeping problems to you—problems that have become intensified by the difficulty of securing competent domestic help.

It has accordingly devolved upon you, as upon other modern women, to be mistress of many things. While acting as mother and business manager in the home, you must also give ear nowadays to appeals of the community for welfare work and social service.

You have larger responsibilities and more to do, with less time in which to do it—a condition which prompts us to invite your attention again to the family service our laundry offers.

We can assume for you the burden of the family washing.

We are well qualified to take over this duty. Our laundering methods have become perfected to a degree that even the most competent of laundresses can not excel. Practices like boiling and bleaching, for example, have been replaced by us with the improved method

of sousing and rinsing in water of velvety softness and suds of pure white soap.

If you seek leisure for more devotion to the interests of your children, or time for many of the other bigger things of life, could anything be simpler than to pack your washday troubles in a laundry bag and send them to us?

Or could anything be more satisfying than to have your washing come back to you at a definite time each week, sweetly clean and beautifully finished?

Ours is a modern laundry that can give you such service—a laundry in which you will find men and women who are courteous, accommodating and desirous of extending you that wash-day help for which you have been waiting.

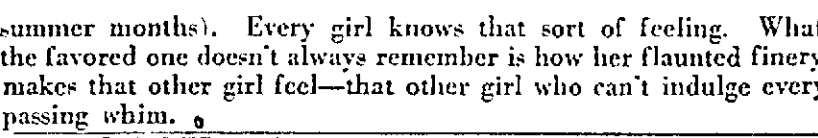
Meet your multiplied housekeeping problems in the modern way—send us your family washing. A telephone call will bring our driver.



Laundry Owners of Alameda County

Y. L. Chan Co.
Wonderful Shampoos
1568 Franklin Street, Oakland, Cal.
Hours: Mon., Wed. and Fri., 1-8 p. m.
Tue., Thurs. and Sat., 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Sundays, 2-5 p. m.
Consultation Free
PHONE OAKLAND 3022.

By Juanita Hamel



Just Folks

ALL THAT LIFE CAN GIVE.

When the gentle mother's singing, and the children are at play,
And the home seems filled with laughter at the ending of the day,
I can settle down contented and discover there and then
That I'm owning all the gladness that life has to give to men.

When the little ones are healthy and the mother wears a smile,
I don't need to sigh for riches for I've everything worth while;
When the nights are calm and peaceful and the daily tasks are o'er,
I find that I'm possessing all that men are striving for.

When I'm free from all distraction and my thoughts are running clear,
When the sound of happy children is the music that I hear,
Through the sham of earthly glory and its golden lure I see,
Though I've neither fame nor fortune, all their joys belong to me.

He that finds his loved ones happy when his daily tasks are through,
And has brought them to contentment, has done all that man can do.
For the purpose of all struggle when the clash and clamor cease,
Life the toiler great or humble, is a home that's rich with peace.

—Copyright, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest.

JES' BECAUSE
YOUR LITTLE SWEETIE
IS WATCHIN' THE GAME
AINT NO SIGN YOU
GOTTA RUN THE BALL
ALL TH' TIME!

HE WOULD
RUN HISELSELF TO
DEATH TO MAKE A
TOUCHDOWN WIT
HER LOOKIN' ON.

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ings. If mixed with Portland
ent, it produces a flooring ma-
al.

little she got friends with the boys have
 single and they both loved each other
 er lots. IVY BANNER. | traveled.

Mr. Longears was, the Pluisaswall said:
"I won't spoil his birthday. I'll catch him tomorrow!"

News of Great Eastbay—What People of the Golden State are Doing

HUGH RODMAN IS VISITOR AT MARE ISLAND

VALLEJO, Oct. 11.—Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet and former inspector, officer and captain of the yard at Mare Island, came up to the station Friday on the destroyer Burns and paid a pleasant visit to Captain E. L. Beach, the commanding officer. Rodman was accompanied by eight lieutenants. The visitors were entertained at a luncheon at the home of Captain and Mrs. E. L. Beach, and the heads of the yard departments and their wives were among those invited.

Admiral Rodman inspected the battleship California and complimented Constructor H. M. Gleason, and other officers of the plant for their work in supervising the construction. He also talked over the fleet program and naval base plans with the station officers before departing for the lower bay.

ARMISTICE DAY TO BE GALA EVENT

Armistice day, "welcome home" day, Tuesday, November 11, will be a gala one in this city if the plans as discussed at the meeting held at the library Thursday night are carried out. The San Pablo, Golden State, and Veterans' clubs have been secured for dances and entertainments and that the S. O. D. E. S. hall and grounds on the eastern outskirts of town have been placed at the disposal of the committee for a barbecue. The committee will also try to secure the Masonic Temple.

San Francisco and Oakland entertainers are to visit the various halls during the afternoon and evening, and local orchestras as well as navy band musicians will play. A parade will be a feature. The 1500 former service men now residing here at Mare Island are expected to march. Lodges and fraternal organizations will turn out, and many have promised to have floats and decorated automobiles in line. The chamber of commerce has guaranteed to raise the money. A committee from Vallejo, Aerie, No. 71, P. O. E., will assist Manuel Silveira and Manuel Azevedo in securing the cattle for the barbecue. The Maccabees will see that the entertainers are taken care of. David E. Golden was named chairman of the sports committee and will confer with Tony Blane, Charles Goshen, C. B. O'Hara and J. V. O'Hara in regard to the sports which will be held at the Cyclopedia on the afternoon of the 11th of next month.

Members of the War Camp Community service guarantees to have at least three community song leaders here.

According to reports of the crew of the Southern Pacific train which arrived at South Vallejo at 4:30 Thursday afternoon an unknown autoist tried to break a record by making the trip in 20 minutes. The machine was struck with force enough to break a piece of the auto's beam or the engine. The driver is said to have been on going.

PITTSBURG

PITTSBURG, Oct. 11.—All is in readiness for the institution of the new Rebekah lodge here. The ceremonies are to take place tonight. The lodge is the new lodge, and many charter members have been signed up. The committee in charge of the arrangements for the institution include Medames J. H. Galland, J. C. Carter, Charles Wight and William Hilbert.

The members of Poppy Troop, No. 1, will depart for the country-wide drive which is to be held the week of October 25. The girls will make an active canvass during the week set apart for this activity. The object of the drive is to secure a training place where they may be taught domestic science.

Babies Contra Costa's Proudest Boast; Newest Generation Wins Prizes at Fair



Here are some of Contra Costa county's prize exhibits at the big Exposition being held there this week. They are some of the babies who were placed on exhibit by their proud mothers. The judges had a time awarding the prizes, and only the stern necessities of the occasion prevented them from giving a prize to each one of them.

Display of County's Resources Amazes Visitors; Awards on Farm Products and Livestock Announced

MARTINEZ, Oct. 11.—Contra Costa county's big baby show was the chief d'oeuvre of the exposition which began here this week and is still in progress. Scores of babies, happy, laughing, rosy cheeks and plump, were placed on display by proud mothers. Visitors were unanimous in declaring that each was entitled to a prize. The only reason it could not be done was that the rules did not allow it.

This is the list of prizes awarded: Most Attractive Baby Under 1 Year 1st prize—Wilma Aloia Sellick. 2d prize—Bernice Venegas. 3d prize—Donald Nelson Bassett. Most Attractive Baby Under 2 Years 1st prize—Richard Cooney. 2d prize—James Marion Podra. 3d prize—Pearl Koning. Most Attractive Girl, 2 to 3 Years 1st prize—Florence Hever. 2d prize—Leila Elizabeth Shafter. 3d prize—Dolores Henderson. Most Attractive Boy, 2 to 3 Years 1st prize—James Symmons. 2d prize—Verne Sullenger. 3d prize—Jack Haffelt. Most Attractive Girl, 3 to 4 Years 1st prize—Leona Bergamini. 2d prize—Geraldine Gattman. 3d prize—Clyde Frishholz, Jr. Most Attractive Boy, 3 to 4 Years 1st prize—Howard Shelby. 2d prize—Edward Haskins. 3d prize—Florever Bever. Most Attractive Boy in Show 1st prize—Clyde Frishholz, Jr. 2d prize—Clyde Frishholz, Jr. 3d prize—Clyde Frishholz, Jr. Most Attractive Pair Twins 1st prize—Bill and Bud Buchanan. 2d prize—Bill and Bud Buchanan. 3d prize—Bill and Bud Buchanan. Fattest Baby in Show 1st prize—Edwin Haskins. 2d prize—Edwin Haskins. 3d prize—Edwin Haskins.

Lancaster Studios presented special prize to all prize winners in form of special portrait of the baby.

DISPLAY OF COUNTY RESOURCES AMAZES VISITORS. The display of agricultural, horticultural, livestock and industrial exhibits in this section of California as has been on display this week at the big Contra Costa county exposition. It has proved an eye-opener to people from neighboring counties. Thousands have flocked here this week and the exposition has been voted a success in every way.

These additional agricultural and horticultural exhibits have been announced: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITS. 1st prize—Lafayette. 2d prize—Lafayette. 3d prize—Lafayette. 4th prize—Lafayette. 5th prize—Lafayette. 6th prize—Lafayette. 7th prize—Lafayette. 8th prize—Lafayette. 9th prize—Lafayette. 10th prize—Lafayette. 11th prize—Lafayette. 12th prize—Lafayette. 13th prize—Lafayette. 14th prize—Lafayette. 15th prize—Lafayette. 16th prize—Lafayette. 17th prize—Lafayette. 18th prize—Lafayette. 19th prize—Lafayette. 20th prize—Lafayette. 21st prize—Lafayette. 22nd prize—Lafayette. 23rd prize—Lafayette. 24th prize—Lafayette. 25th prize—Lafayette. 26th prize—Lafayette. 27th prize—Lafayette. 28th prize—Lafayette. 29th prize—Lafayette. 30th prize—Lafayette. 31st prize—Lafayette. 32nd prize—Lafayette. 33rd prize—Lafayette. 34th prize—Lafayette. 35th prize—Lafayette. 36th prize—Lafayette. 37th prize—Lafayette. 38th prize—Lafayette. 39th prize—Lafayette. 40th prize—Lafayette. 41st prize—Lafayette. 42nd 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Community School for Training Open

The Community Training School of Religious Education held its opening night at the Y. W. C. A. Monday evening, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, giving the opening address. The theme of the opening address was "Religion and Education." The class will continue Monday and will continue for two weeks. The following are the auspices of the Alameda County Sunday School Association, Oakland, and Church Federation, Alameda County, Christian Association. Officers of the school are: Prof. Earle G. Lindsay, president; Dr. C. H. Truman, secretary; Fred Abbott, registrar.

Board of Directors—Rev. Francis J. Walker, president; Dr. C. H. Truman, Church Federation; Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College; Dr. C. H. Truman, president of the schools; Rev. Bruce McDonald, president of Alameda County Sunday School Association; Dr. C. H. Truman, superintendent of First Christian Sunday school; Rev. Otis D. Ironmonger, assistant superintendent of First Christian church; C. H. J. Truman, superintendent of First M. E. Sunday school; J. M. Harris, director of Religious Education; Dr. C. H. Truman, superintendent of Blakely, president Oakland Graded Union; Oliver McLean, president Christian Association; Dr. C. H. Truman, president, president Baptist Young People's Union; Walter Sandholt, president of the Y. M. C. A.; Dr. C. H. J. Titus, general secretary Y. M. C. A.; Miss Alice M. Brookman, general secretary Y. W. C. A.

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES.

The school will convene weekly at 7:30.

Biblical Period—7:30-8:10. New Testament, Prof. Edward A. Wicher, San Francisco, California Seminary.

Division I—8:10-8:30. Children's Division, Mr. H. T. Schultze, superintendent, Children's Division, Alameda County Sunday School Association.

Division II—8:30-9:00. Young People, Prof. Earle G. Lindsay, Mills College, Adult Missionary, Prof. C. H. J. Titus.

Supper will be supplied. Administration, Charles R. Fisher, California Sunday School Association.

Psychology Period—8:50-9:30. Principles and Ideals of Religious Education, Dr. B. D. Tughr University of California.

CURRENT EVENTS

[illegible]

national meetings in charge. He will speak on, "Christianity and the Health of America." Mr. James Hammond lead an interesting meeting last Sunday, on the topic:

WESTLEY, RICHMOND.—Training in Citizenship" was the topic of the Chinese League's second Sunday evening. Mr. William, Hosking was in charge. Friday, November 10, the Chinese League, being assisted in the program of the social and reception for their new pastor, Rev. J. H. Latton of the

She will assist in the work of the church school and act as secretary of the board of trustees.

CIRCLE HOLDS

**CIRCLE HOLDS
MONTHLY MEET
AND SOCIAL**

Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 7, the Whatcombs Circle of King's Daughters held their regular monthly meeting and social at the home of Mrs. Warren Hall, 2357 Nineteenth avenue. There was a full attendance of members and a busy hour was spent in planning the winter's work.

Hall and hostess, Mrs. Nedra Hall and Edna Hall, served a delicious salad and coffee course at the close of the business meeting, which adjourned at 8 o'clock. The evening's entertainment was entertained by the King's Daughters of Twenty-third Avenue church at the home of Mrs. Grant Miller. The Cresca Circle of the Twenty-fourth Avenue Methodist church were also guests and for the first time the Twenty-third Avenue circle of King's Daughters made merry together. Original skits brought about the evening's entertainment a most remarkable dwarf performed feats before undressed; a marvelous physician cured both the lame and the lean instantaneously from the same bottle and the visiting circles added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening's entertainments of Mother Goose rhymes.

Mrs. Phillips, representing the "Big Sister" community, made a most impressive and of importance of their joining hands in the effort to make life brighter for all. She also made some very practical suggestions as to work being done at hand, and altogether a most enjoyable and profitable evening was spent.

St. Joseph's Church to Be Rebuilt Program for Funds Raised for New Structure Rededication Is Prepared

Lewis E. Berger, Pastor

"Impelling Power" "THE BIBLE'S HISTORIC BACKGROUND"
 Sunday school 10 a. m. 727 14th. T. WILMOTT ECKERT, Organist, EMMA BERG ECKERT, Soloist

11:00 A. M. BAPTISMAL
COMMUNION
You Are W

SERVICE
SERVICE AND SERMON
Welcome

For book of 360 pp., containing con-
sidering 101, entitled "The Vitality of Mo-
Corham Press, Boston, Mass.

complete series of these articles, num-
bered 1 to 10, in the following order: The

100

Bright Lights To Be Grace Church Theme

The pastor, Sylvester J. Buck, will speak at both the morning and evening services at Grace Methodist church, Thirty-fourth and Market streets. The morning theme is "Nighttime Mission for the Evening" and the evening theme is "Set as a Watchman."

This church has already shown that there is enthusiasm engendered by the realization that team work makes for efficiency. The church easily won over the top in the Hundred Million Dollar drive, and now it is organizing to do its share of the evangelism that is the heart of the church's mission. The Sunday schools and the Epworth League are co-operating with the church in the "Hundred Million Dollar" drive. The church will not be found wanting when the summing up of things yet to be done shall have been completed next year.

The pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal church was given a cordial reception by his congregation last year and Wednesday the parsonage was crowded with friends, who came to greet him and his wife on their reception. A program consisting of music and addresses was carried on. Responses were called for and given by the congregation. The pastor said that the "protected game" was no so difficult to take if the hunter was sure of his aim. He said that the "buck" could be captured if the stu-

The pastor followed the responses of his out-going members with his plans and ambitions for the year; he then gave his pleasure in being continued in the church, and the pastor of Grace church for another year.

The outlook for the work is most excellent. The finances are promising, and the church in general. The department appears to be functioning and in every department there is confidence.

The Edworth League holds their first social of the conference year on the 10th inst. The department in charge has arranged for the Astoria Moving Picture Show, and the same will be given. The same is guaranteed to all who attend.

At the 10th inst. the church was organized for Grace church. Mr. Charles M. Gass was elected chorister and Mrs. Gass was elected organist. The church will meet at 8 o'clock on Thursday, October 9 when the chorus will meet at the home of M. and Mrs. Finn.

WOMEN PROTEST AGAINST LEAGUE

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11.—Women leaders of California to the number of nearly half a hundred yesterday united in a telegram to Senator James D. Phelan protesting certain provisions in the covenant of the League of Nations and urging him to join with Senator Hiram W. Johnson in protecting the rights of Americans by casting a favorable

only with such real leaders as the United States, equality of representation and the Senator Phelan is urged particularly to try to uphold the unconditional right of withdrawal upon notice provided for in the articles of the league. The military and naval forces are in dissent from the Shantung policy of the state, standing firm against Japanese aggression.

The telegraphic communication following is the one following:

Neadesday C. W. Morrow, Harrison Welstead, C. H. Bentley, D. J. McGee, McMaster, Howard C. Tibbitts, A. J. Scott, Philip Bancroft, Joseph H. Moody, Bernard Sinsheimer, A. C. Johnson, C. C. Chubb, C. C. Chubb, Judson, Florence Porter Pafford, Sidney Ehrman, John Francis Neylan, John M. Esheleman, Frank Dewey.

well, Augusta Jones, A. L. Hart, J. Haas, Samuel Ross, Louis Hertz, Joseph Pife, C. M. Volkman, Genevieve Watson Baker, Elsie M. Robbins, Anna L. Bradford, Edward P. Guster, J. J. Aicher, Harry M. Morris, Ambrose Watson, W. B. Bonfield, Irene P. Rosenshine, Elizabeth Caven, Henry Ward Brown, Joseph H. Nash, Hannah Nolan.

Misses Dr. Lillian Martin, Edeline Briggs, Alicia Mays, Frances LeBriggs, Alice H. Dougherty, Alice Rose Power, Genevieve Carroll, Ann Featherstone, May Sinsheimer, Dr. Mariann Bortola, Gail Laughlin, Margaret M. Peterson, Nelita Peterson, Grace Peterson.

Ethel Steven Losses

Mandolin and Guitar

Neighbors in the vicinity of Ethel Stevens, 814 Castro street, are missing the musical entertainment that oftentimes floated out of the Stevens home. Someone has robbed Ethel's house and carried away her mandolin and guitar. Miss Stevens has notified the police and Police Inspectors John Mulhern and John Dufort.

"H. G. WELLS," LECTURE TOPIC
At the regular community meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Washington to be held tomorrow night at 8 o'clock in Chabot hall, Eleventh and Grove streets, the principal speaker of the evening will be Dr. Clarence Reed, the newly elected minister of the First Unitarian

church of this city. He will speak on "H. G. Wells, the Modern Prophet." There will be a musical program and community singing. Admission is free and everybody welcome.

Largest Variety, Lowest Prices
Gospel Books and Tracts
Western Book and Tract Co.
1317 TELEGRAPH AVE., Oakland, Cal.
DOMINATIONAL
CHURCH

Highland Avenue
MILIKEN, Minister
Worship at 11 A. M.
the Present Times
Sunday School and Youth

Continued

Permanent Positions for Young Women

ADDITIONAL TELEPHONE OPERATORS ARE NEEDED DUE TO CONSTANTLY INCREASING REQUIREMENTS OF SERVICE.

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY.

FIRST YEARS EARNINGS APPROXIMATELY \$2.00

\$52 EARNED DURING FIRST MONTH FULLY LEARNING TO OPERATE AND FROM \$82 TO \$72 PER HOUR AT THE END OF SEVEN MONTHS.

FURTHER INCREASES GIVEN UNTIL OPERATORS EARN FROM \$185.50 TO \$244.00 PER HOUR.

**SUPERVISING OPERATORS
EARN FROM \$48 TO \$106 PER
MONTH. EXCELLENT OPPOR-
TUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT.**

APPLY AT:
333 GRAND AVE.
SAN FRANCISCO,
OR
1519 FRANKLIN ST.,
OAKLAND.

=====

TEACHERS immediately; good pay no registration fee. Pisk Teachers Agency, Berkeley.

THREE parlor girls; good pay pleasant work. Apply in person Varsity Candy Shop, Telegraph and Bancroft, Berkeley.

THREE capable girls wanted; good salary to right parties. Apply a once, 2225 Shattuck ave.

NINETY-ONE GIRLS will find a woman friend to advise and help them at Rockhurst Center, 130 Alcatraz street, San Francisco; hours 2 to 5.

WANTED—6 power sewing machine operators; Chevrolet Motor Co. Apply Employment Manager, Foothill Blvd. and 72d ave.

WANTED—Housewife to do general housework, cook high end cooking, daily from about 9-4. Prefer some one in near vicinity. Telephone Leandro 4773 between 5-10 p. m.

WANTED—Women to travel for an old-established house; not canvassing; salary and commission paid; experience necessary. Dec. 1924, Tribune.

WANTED—Housekeeper, 3 in family or wishing no objection to small family. Call after 5 p. m. or write. 1937 57th.

WANTED—Competent experienced waitress and chamber maid for family. Call after 5 p. m. or write. 1937 57th.

WOMAN for general housework, fam-
ily of 5; wages \$55. Phone after 4
p. m., Berkeley 4952.

WOMAN for child care for children
and housework references. Phone
Alameda 146W.

WANTED - Experienced girl for
candy store. Apply The Avenue
Store, 14th and Broadway.

WANTED - Reduced high school girls
few hours day, Call Sat. eve., or
Sunday morning, 835 32d st.

WANTED - Dental nurse; no experi-
ence necessary. Apply room 250
at 14th and Broadway.

WANTED - 2 power mach. operators for
repair work, steady work, 569 5th at
14th.

WANTED - A good typist, 2 hours
every evening. Ph. Pled. 5270.

WOMAN for general housework, fam-
ily of 3, Alameda Ph. Oak. 366.

WOMAN for housework, all around
one with child pld. Bx. 6025W.

WANTED - Girl to assist and help

WANTED—Young women for factory work. National Cene Co.

WANTED—French or Italian lady for teaching and dress-making ironing. 144 S. Shattuck ave.

WANTED—Young woman, light housework cooking; willing to go to S. F. Wages \$50. 420 Grand ave. L. Suba

MALE-FEMALE HELP WANTED

Arts & Crafts. O. 6320
Child's nurse, \$50; parlor maid, housekeeper, second maid, \$50; companion girl.

Arts and Crafts. O. 6320
Child's nurse, \$70; parlor maid, housekeeper, second maid, \$50; companion girl.

WANT time work for housework, 3-6 p.m. in the afternoon; good cook. Box 2515, Tribune.

AND wife, colored, janitress

Wilson's Emp. Agcy. 1512 Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
 WANTED—A refined woman to assist in home and care of 2 girls, 8 and 8 years; excellent home, good wages to relieve partly. **BUREAU OF PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT, BUREAU OF SERVICE TO ALL.**
 101 TENTH ST.
 PHONE JACK 4-2731.
 OPEN 7 A. M.
WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.
 SPECIAL.

stenographer	\$5.
stenographer	\$5.
practical nurse	\$50-100
HOUSEHOLD.	
cook, fam., Fresno	\$35-42.50
second girl, domestic	\$30
domestic, San Rafael	\$30
colored domestic; small family	\$35-40
domestic; 2nd girl, 12 yrs.	\$35-40
domestic; Okla. Ala. and Berk.	\$32-40
private family	\$32-40
COOKS.	\$20-40

second cook; restaurant \$18 wk
HOTEL
waitress; hospital; country \$40-50
cook, boys' restaurant \$30-40
exp. waitresses, candy store \$14 wk
waitress; restaurant \$18-20
MISCELLANEOUS
salesgirl, 24 hand store \$12
waitress; restaurant \$18-20
girl; asst. housekeeper; Lodi \$12
waitress maid \$40-45
waitress; inst.; country \$20-25
waitress; restaurant \$18-20
waitresses; wedding Fri. night \$15
Berkeley
waitress; private \$35-40
young girls; factory work 10 wk, up, up
and-ironer; laundry \$3.50 day
washer machine operation 40c hr
washer machine operation 40c hr
MALE DOMESTIC
HOTELS, RESTS, CAMPS, INNS
cook; Richmond \$65-70
janitor; Berkeley \$70-80
cook; Berkeley \$70-80
cook; Chinese \$30-35

LUMBER CAMPS—WOODS.
 Mill and yard laborers. La-
 sen Co. 105
 MISCELLANEOUS.
 car repairers; Richmond. . . 58a
 car carpenters; Richmond. . . 58u
 gas welder; R. R.; Richmond. . . 58c
 shoemaker.
 gardener, institution. \$60.00
 machinists; navy yard; scale.
 boiler makers; navy yard; scale.

Continued on Next Page.

FINANCE

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OAKLAND TRIBUNE

MAGAZINE SECTION

OCTOBER 12
1919



JACK
LONDON

(Continued Next Sunday).

The Mysterious Poe

ture. But whether he is a well-known modernist lapsing into the old form, or a brand new poet, all critics seem to agree that his verse is the best of its kind that has been written in this country for some years. Extravagant admirers say that Kipling could do no better. Charles Hanson Towne of McClure's says "the poems by the mysterious fingerprint poet are the most remarkable verses I have seen in some time. Can you put me in touch with him, as I am sure that I can see many of his poems in McClure's? He is indeed a find."

By special arrangement The OAKLAND TRIBUNE is able to present these poems week by week to its readers. Many letters have been received since last Sunday asking the identity of the poet, but The TRIBUNE is as much in the dark as the editor of McClure's and the public. The promise has been made by the poet himself, however, that his identity will be revealed before long.

Je Ne Me Fiche (I Should Worry)

If you lose an ear or arm, sir,
You've another. What's the harm, sir?
And even if they amputate your pegs,
Why, they're making 'em of cork, sir—
That can dance and walk, sir—
Oh, quite the very latest thing in legs—
The raciest and paciestic of legs.

You may even lose your head, sir;
'Yet, when all is done and said, sir,
There wasn't so much in it, let us hope.
If a shell should come and spill you,
Or the gentle Fritzies kill you,
They can't do more than make you into soap—
The jelliestic and smelliest of soap.

CHAPTER 17

break in the Valley of the
souls, and the Long House in
the charge of the Tribe of the Lost
Fully eighty feet in length
the Long House, with half as
in width, built of adobe bricks,
rising thirty feet to a gable roof.

What is the World Coming To?



AMERICAN HUSBIES WON'T STAND FOR THIS



WHAT THE NEW SKIRTS FREQUENTLY REVEAL



GRASS FLOUNCES OF HAWAII HAVE NOTHING ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX

They're Wearing Them Higher In Paris Than Hawaii; "Never Have I Seen Such Decollete," Says Noted Dress Artist

By JANE DIXON

NEW YORK, Oct. 11—Maybe they are wearing them higher, in Hawaii.

No matter how high they are wearing them, except it from the Little Napoleon of sartorial New York. The grass flounces of the Hawaiian island have nothing on the dress frocks of the Rue de la Paix.

Paris is wearing its skirts higher, its waists shorter than it ever did.

As for the sleeves of Paris—well, my doubts, the sleeve is as extinct in the gay French city as a Bryan Presidential boom or the more recent Bronx cocktail.

Mr. Kurzman is just back from Deauville and other fashion centers where he has been gunning for the smartest models money can buy and fancy can dictate.

Mr. Kurzman is an artist. A beautiful gown is to him a beautiful picture. But when he remembers the daring, the abandon, of the new Parisian post bellum school of dress he puts his trembling hand to his forehead and sighs. "It can't be done—not in America."

SUCH DECOLLETE! "Never have I seen such decollete," he declares. "In the Casino at Deauville, where one meets dozens of women who spend from \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year on dress alone, the effect is startling."

"Every one goes to the Casino in the evening to toy with fortune across the tables or to dance. The evening gowns are magnificent—what there is of them. A front or back or even a side view from the waist up tells nothing except in terms of polished ivory shoulders, smooth backs and delicately curved bosoms."

"What the daughters of fashion leave off in the matter of materials they make up in jewels. Women are literally covered with gems, diamonds the size of plums, great burning rubies, blazing emeralds, starry sapphires. Their necks are hung with ropes of pearls, each gem of which represents a fortune."

FASHION AND WAR "Somewhere, somehow, there must have been someone fattening on the war."

New York's expert went on to explain the significance of the famous "French racing and health resort, Deauville, as it affects fashion. It is here style has its first showing. Whether it is the darling of the footlights, the music hall favorite, the celebrated songbird of the opera, the dazzling demi-monde, the couturiere who has caught the fancy of fickle fashion. They go to see and be seen. They are the human peacocks to whom the triumph of a gown means as much as Chateau-Thierry to an American marine.

"What women were wearing at Deauville a few weeks ago we will see at Palm Beach and our fashionable Southern resorts this winter. We will not get the styles here generally until next season."

up and down to study styles. The street is only a block long and all traffic is stopped except for pedestrians during fashion hour. Every frock is a creation. It represents hours, days of study on the part of the creator.

"The distinguished feature of the

New York Expert is Home From French Capital Wondering How He Can Continue Importing Gowns Which He May Not Be Able to Sell Here



evening gowns was their lack of sleeves. A sleeve looks out of place in smooth backs and delicately curved bosoms.

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"What women were wearing at Deauville a few weeks ago we will see at Palm Beach and our fashionable Southern resorts this winter. We will not get the styles here generally until next season."

"After the bathing hour every one goes to a little street called Contaut-Bron. There they stand in a row

days of the steel and whalebone inquisition. It must be built to fit the face. No two faces are alike. To select one haphazard is to make yourself ridiculous. Nothing so detracts from the looks of a woman as a carelessly arranged, unbecoming artist's cap.

Mme. Georgette, one of the smartest of the French fashion artists at Deauville, wore an afternoon frock of white silk muslin trimmed with white coupe feathers in the form of soft fringes, and with it an artist's cap of black velvet. "It was a striking combination."

THE SHOE "RIDICULOUS" "I do not care for the Parisian shoe. It looks all right there, because one is accustomed to it. Here it would be ridiculous."

A typical pair of pumps was dragged out from the unpacked novelty collection.

Religious is right. The trunks of a circus rider could divulge nothing more ornate. Black patent leather, broad, very short vamp, round toe with scrolls and figures in white serpentine over the surface. Across the ankle was a strap also highly decorated.

"There are no coat suits in Paris," says Mr. Kurzman. "The coat suit belongs to America, and to England. French women seldom, if ever, wear it. They prefer one-piece dresses."

"Even the business woman wears a one-piece dress of serge or satin or some practical material; never a suit. The best of it is you will always find some little individual

touch about the dress, some high light the wearer has added to suit her type, her personality. They are wizards with a bit of ribbon, a knot of lace, the French. With it they can alter the appearance of an entire frock, bring it from mediocrity to chicness, style, dash.

SLEEVES ARE SHORT "Yes, even serge dresses have short sleeves, elbow length and above. That is the one essential feature of every smart dress—sleeve shortness."

There are three and four times more costly in Paris than they are here. So are gowns, for the matter of that. Squirrel and Kolinsky are the favorites now, with broadtail and ermine for more dressy wear.

OSTRICH AS GARNITURE "I noticed a great quantity of ostrich, both in millinery and as garniture for gowns. Every day one of the famous houses of dress displays a new way of utilizing fluffy feathers until their possibilities seem endless. They are a part of the on-the-edge-of-the-land attire prevalent everywhere."

"As for color, no one seems to be strictly a matter of individual choice. I saw every color and every shade of every color on the dance floor and clustered about the gaming tables at Deauville. Your favorite color, your most becoming color, that is the one to choose. They can not be too gay. They can not be too delicate. A ruby gown tonight and a pink like pale dawn tomorrow night. The next night, black, or emerald green, or hyacinth."

"Tell me," I said, knowing the blushes of a thousand eager-eyed youths depended on the answer, "will American women adopt the ultra-decollete for the coming season? You know we've been in the war, too, and we're just as much entitled to a decadence in dress as the next fellow."

HIS OWN FAVORITE I asked Mr. Kurzman to tell me which, of all the gowns that flashed across the panoramic film of fashion, left the most vivid impression on his mind. Which was his own selection?

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OUR PUZZLE GYM

for NIMBLE WITS

SAM LOYD, DIRECTOR.

SIMPLE LETTERS

of a SIMPLE FELLOW

COUNTING OUT PUZZLE



COUNTING OUT PUZZLE.

Frank Jones is not only a smart "kid" at figures, but is a gallant boy as well. In his new counting-out game, he has arranged the boys and girls in such a manner that in counting round and round the girls shall all be counted out and the boys "get left."

Frank has selected 13 as a counting-out number. Counting round and round to the right, the thirteenth boy or girl steps out and the counting is continued—1 up to 13.

Frank's puzzle consists in finding the boy or girl with whom he must have started the count, in order to count out all the girls and leave the boys. For instance, had he commenced counting from himself, May would have been the first out, then Harry, Bessie, and so on.

HOW OLD ARE THE BOYS?

The combined ages of Jimmie's two brothers just equal his 14-1-2 years, and it is also a peculiar fact that the respective years that the two younger have lived, when multiplied together, will also just equal Jimmie's years.

What are the ages of the two younger boys?

A DOUGHBOY'S PUZZLES.

Can you find a French city or town in each of the following sentences, taken from a doughboy's letter:

There is a Southern negro here who calls me Marse Daniel.

On the Company street, ours is the end tent.

I am rapidly learning French. Street means Rue, entree means beginning.

An ex-naval ensign says this life is more entertaining than sea service.

To manage our expedition is a big, able man's task.

CORRECTING SPELLING.

Here are a dozen studies in the amusing game of correcting spelling by the changing of one letter. That is you take away one letter and substitute another in its place to make an English word:

Warath, Inave, Edue, Oley, Weith.

Dphale, Aelle, Lesult, Loric, Slic.

Armd, Pralty.

KEEP YOUR ANSWERS TO COMPARE WITH SOLUTIONS ONE WEEK FROM TODAY

GUESS THIS DATE.

"What's the date, Bobby?" inquired his mother one day last September. Bobby, who was studying the calendar, replied: "I observe that if we add up the dates that have already passed this month and subtract that total from the sum total of the dates to come this month, the difference will be the date of the day after the day after tomorrow."

What was the date upon which Bobby made his speech?

A PUZZLE IN EGGS.

Some of the grocer's baskets contain duck eggs and the remainder contain hen eggs, so his meaning is clear when he says:

"When I sell all of the eggs in one of those baskets I shall have left four times as many hen eggs as duck eggs."

The number of eggs in each basket is told in the picture so who can tell which basket the grocer has to sell to prove his odd statement?

MISSING CONSONANTS.

Add one consonant, a sufficient number of times to the following line of letter to make it a readable sentence:

TEUSEAREDEIEVERH

A PUZZLE IN EGGS



By Ed Streeter

Dere Mable: I just finished havin a sprained ankle for a week at Uncle Charles house. Thats why I didnt write you. The doctor said I couldnt move around much. I was sorry to be kept away from my office for so long. Im afraid its pretty near better now, tho.

Uncle Charles gave me a dandy room to beside him. It might have been a kind of a surprise for the water pipe bustin. If I ever had a water pipe bust on me I think Id build a new house. It would be cheaper in the end.

He sez its for the day after I hurt myself agin how long it would take to get as rich as Uncle Charles. The answer made Mathusalem look quite a bit. I heard a little splash over in the corridor. Then another. It was water drippin on his best bure. Mrs. Smith put a pail under it. She says like as not it was a leaky pipe. That womean got a mite of a steel trap. So she sent for the plumber.

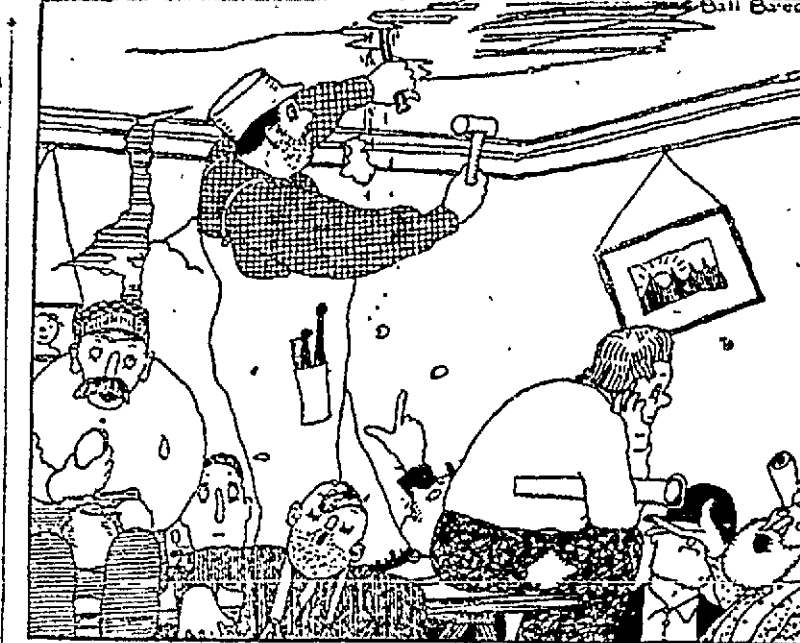
A pair of em came the next day. Plumbers always travel in twos. I suppose its for protection. They looked at the wet place in the ceiling. Then they looked in the pail Mrs. Smith had put on the bure. Then they sat down an looked at each other. They didnt say a word of them decided it might be a leaky pipe an could they use the telephone.

They told Uncle Charles theyd be to a hole punched in the ceiling. He sez they could go ahead drillin as soon as hed laid some sheets on the floor. That seemed to surprise em. As they explained, they was plumbers an couldnt touch the floor. Hed have to get a couple of mason contractors to punch the hole. Then if he still wanted the leak fixed theyd come back an do it for him some time when they had time. So Uncle Charles told em to ship up a couple of masons.

The next day the masons came with a wagon load of ladders an boards. They might have thought they was going to plaster the inside of a church. They brought em all up in my room an stored em there. Then they borrowed a step ladder from Mrs. Smith an used that.

One of em had a piece of paper with some drawin on it. After theyd looked at it they started excavation on the other side of the room from where the leak was. I tried to explain that theyd probably und the pipe somewhere near where it was leakin. They sez they didnt know nothin about that. They was working from plans the masons had made. They guessed the plumbers knew their busnis.

After theyd taken down half the ceiling they found there wasnt any pipe there. That puzzled em. They



Started cuttin' everything away

got out their drawin an took it over to the light. Then one of em guessed that wasnt a door but a window. They thought perhaps theyd been lookin at the picture upside down.

It struck me as a good one on the plumbers. They sez it was the funniest thing that had happened since they got the house numbers mixed once an started tearin down the wrong place by mistake. They found it out before they got the roof half off, so there was no harm done. One of the plumbers told me hed never believed in gratitude since then. They only charged the owner half price for puttin the roof back.

An instead of appreshatin it he wanted to sue em.

They didnt think it was worth while for them to start a lawsuit through a new place that night. It was after three o'clock an they had to quit in an hour. It would take em that long to get their tools picked up an their clothes out of the room. I never saw two fellows that last tool went into the bag one milt of four.

The next day they came back an cut a new hole. Then the plumbers looked it over again. They sez it was a bad place. Part of the floor would have to be cut away. Uncle Charles sez from what he could see the whole house must have been built around that one piece of pipe. He was goin to stop that leak, tho. If he had to take the whole thing

theyd have to quit work on the job in that case.

There seemed to be more rules to plain water pipes than to plain chaps. Uncle Charles gave in an the carpenters came. I was getting interested. I used to lie an agger out how many men it would take to build a house. Its a pretty good way to put yourself to sleep.

The carpenters started cuttin everything away that held anything up. I expected the whole upper part of the house to be by in on the day before they got through. Then the two plumbers came back. They stuck their heads through the ceiling an sez it was just what theyd thought—a leaky pipe. There was some wires in the way still. If Uncle Charles still wanted to go ahead fixin the pipe hed have to let them call in the elektrishuns to cut them.

They forgot to tell the elektrishuns what wires they wanted out. They sneaked around the next day an cut the telephone wires outside the house. Then they went down in the cellar an moved the meter. Not being able to think of anything else to do, they went home without sayin a word to anybody.

We waited a couple of days without any fone. Then the plumbers dropped in. They said the elektrishuns often dia little things like that. Not to worry. Cause theyd have it fixed in a few days. Like as not they wouldnt charge us a cent for it.

A last (everything was set for fixin the pipe. The plumbers came an looked at it for the last time. Then they went home and got their tools. I never saw fellows that could think of more things to use than a plumbers. Every minute theyd be telephoning for some new kind of monkey wrench. Then theyd walk around the room makin remarks about the pleishures till a kid brought it to them.

Next day the elektrishuns and the carpenters and the plumbers came back. The last one hadnt been gone more than an hour when I heard a little splash. I dropped water hit between the pin cushion an the china match safe. I put back the bucket. I havent told Uncle Charles that yet. Now I know how to get as rich as Uncle Charles.

So the next time you see me Ill probably be carryin a monkey wrench in my vest pocket instead of a fountain pen. I hope your father never has any trouble with his fixins.

Yours till the last plumber starves.

BILL.

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GOSIP from the SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLIES

Sausalito Fire Recalls Art And Painters

CALIFORNIA GIRLS GET N. Y. HAIR HINTS

Fish Are Fast Exterminator By Avarice

The loss causing the most concern in the big fire that swept Old Sausalito must naturally be that of W. A. Coulter, the artist.

Coulter is one of the few great marine painters of California. He it was who painted for the Merchants' Exchange, after the fire of 1906, the picture showing the safe arrival of the ship W. F. Babcock, for which he is said to have been paid \$2000. The painting shows the panorama of the Golden Gate and the Marin hills, and Coulter supplemented it with a sketch of the ship Dasher Wagon. Marine painting is not so easy as it looks. To impart color and life to a water scene is something few artists can compass. Coulter did it, and it is to be hoped he will give up painting marine. It is said he once painted a masterpiece, and that it was well.

The old school of marine painters here included Hamilton, Denny, Yeland and Robinson and Coulter. Not very great prices, however, were ever paid for marine canvases. Love of art for art's sake kept the artists at their special work of depicting liquid life.

Commercial genius is seldom allied to artistic genius. That is, with the Bohemian class of artist, Sanguana, Wores, Charles Peters, Neuhaus and a few others here have gained fortunes by their work, but the old Bohemian Club artists did not make a great deal of money.

William Keith did what was a master painter and a master money-maker as well. Old Bohemian Club members recall a dinner given by the late Colonel Alexander C. Hayes, the insurance man, in the old Art Association rooms in Pine street above the California Market. Previous to this affair, Sir Thomas Hesketh, the English baronet who married Miss Flora Sharon, had paid Jules Tavernier an advance of \$500 on account of a picture he had ordered. At this dinner a clubman who knew of the advance gave a definition of the Three Degrees of Art. William Keith said the definition was excellent, and so it was.

Art—The ability of an artist to paint a picture.

High Art—The ability to sell the picture after it was painted.

Fine Art Approaching Genius—The ability to sell a picture before it was painted.—Wasp.

IMPROVING DELAYS

Mrs. Frank Vandolph is impatient of delays in making women's suffrage part of the United States Constitution. She regrets that a special session of the California Legislature has not been called to ratify the suffrage amendment. If woman suffrage makes no more difference in national elections than it has in local elections in San Francisco there is no need to hurry. Woman suffrage here has not checked the deterioration of government, by the choice of unfit officials, nor has it raised the percentage of registered voters who actually vote. They grow less and less.

Latin Quarter Is Being Extended

With the advance of apartment house rates, and scarcity of accommodations of all kinds, the Bohemian locality in and around Montgomery street has begun to boom. The old Montgomery block of pisce punch fame is crowded on every floor. Families have moved in there by twos and threes and the old tenants have not moved out. Among the tenants that still live there are: Charles Dickman, Percy Gray and George Stirling. Down the street a few steps, Maynard Dixon still maintains his residence and studio. But the latest, is the fact that the comparatively new Bugand Bank building has thrown open the top floors for the use of artist studios and apartments.—Town Talk.

It looked cunning on the kiddies, and for a while the oldesters resisted trying it. But as one after another of the women returned from New York, the Gothams visiting here submitted to the public gaze the rolled effect, the local talent fell for it, and now the Dillingham ladies are serving rolls—even for breakfast.

More man cannot imagine to what difficulties his wife is put when such a revolutionary mode is introduced by the smart set. For sooner or later every one from the shop girls (they are usually sooner) to the dowager adopt variation of the new style, and the strain on untutored fingers and inadequate hair is real stirring.

It's all very well for the women who have maids and hairdressers every day, and unlimited hirsute supply, detachable or otherwise, but fancy how upsetting it is to those who are put to it to manage themselves to have so startling a mode wished upon them.—News Letter.

Allies Back of Willingness to Free Ex-Kaiser

When the News Letter, several weeks ago, predicted that no attempt would be made to try the Kaiser, it spoke with the inspiration of a true prophet. As yet no important step has been taken to place the Teutonic war lord on trial.

Holland is talking very defiantly about its sovereign rights to give a royal fugitive an asylum. That is merely bluff. The little kingdom had the tip from the Allies, that the easiest way to get rid of the Kaiser is to forget all about him. He may stay and eat all the Dutch cheese, and red herrings, and drink all the schnapps in Holland, for all that the Allies really care.—News Letter.

Chief of Police White sent a report to the Board of Supervisors repudiating the responsibility for the disgraceful mismanagement of the crowds who went to the Civic Auditorium to hear President Wilson speak. There has been a great deal more official criticism of that melee than has appeared in the newspapers, and it is only fair to the police department that, considering the innumerable, if not open accusations, that they should be exonerated from blame, if they were not responsible.

President Wilson has so many friends and admirers in San Francisco, who were content to see him, and delighted to listen to him. His opponents among us simply were noisier than his friends. It is an open secret that while on route here, scores of threatening letters were received by him, as well as others from well-wishers advising him to stay away. But he would not be deterred and one could say that the results of his visit were salubrious, were it not for the fact that he was seized with illness so soon afterwards.

During his sojourn here, however, the secret service men were particularly alert. For instance, he ate no food which had not passed closest scrutiny—doubtless the reason that Victor the St. Francis chef was assigned to his cuisine. At the Auditorium, the secret service men, usually stoical, were bobbing like marionettes close to him. Mrs. Wilson's constant presence with him is given as an other precautionary measure. San Francisco is said to have been the only place of his whole tour where any interference was threatened. It is said that the President himself was unconcerned, but that his immediate tour was more than glad to leave the city.—Town Talk.

The close season for striped bass and salmon has begun. For a few weeks, those fishes will have respite from the nets of the fishermen. Then again will be resumed the warfare which will exterminate them.

When you pay 50 cents a pound for salmon, and when no striped bass can be had at any price, remember that it will be the fault of the people who are elected to make the laws and the officials who are supposed to give effect to the laws.

Neither salmon nor striped bass should be netted from September 1 to the next spring, as they are then in the spawning season, and are best for food in the breeding season. The heaviest run of salmon and striped bass from the ocean to the breeding grounds is in September. For that reason the fishermen are not only given permission to net the fish that are large with spawn, but the season is sometimes unreasonably extended. One boat in Tiburon struts 2000 pounds of striped bass. All the females contained eggs that could have produced fine fish. Bass can produce as well as splendid to fish. So are salmon. It is a crime against the community to destroy such sources of excellent food that could easily be preserved if a better public spirit prevailed.

Were it not that the state maintains several salmon hatcheries for the artificial propagation of salmon, the valuable fish would already be almost extinct in California, where salmon were so plentiful in former days that a wagon load could be taken at a single haul of a net.

The salmon hatched at public expense, goes out to the ocean and feeds himself, and when he comes back the fishermen take him and charge the consumer whatever the market will stand. Not only that, but the fishermen exert a political pull and have the open season extended several weeks on pretenses that fishing has been bad, and that should be allowed to break the laws.

The buffalo has been exterminated, and the elk has disappeared. The wild pigeon has vanished. The grouse has almost gone, and the quail is going. Our fishing waters will soon be barren unless we alter our methods. What a commentary on the human race that boasts of its advancing civilization.—News Letter.

MARRIED A KANGAROO

The small boy went with his class to visit the zoo. He stopped in front of the kangaroo cage, and after studying the queer animals for awhile, asked the attendant what they were. "Natives of Australia," was the reply. "Gee whiz, an my mother married one of 'em," groaned the urchin.—Argonaut.

GOT BACK TO CAMP

A private who had overstayed his leave one night sneaked into camp and was just on the point of entering the barracks when the sentry turned at the end of his beat. The private turned and asked as though he was trying to sneak out of camp: "Got back there; no man out tonight!" shouted the guard. Needless to add the private lost no time in obeying the order.—Argonaut.



Ask the Tribune

A department of QUESTION & ANSWER.

EDITOR THE TRIBUNE: If I lend B \$1000 as a flat loan and holds a mortgage on B's home and the note reads for 1 year at 7% per annum, interest payable monthly in advance, how long will A have to wait if B neglects his monthly interest payments before he can foreclose on B to get his principal and interest back? Second—If the note should read for three years would A have to wait any longer under the same conditions? Third—On a deed of trust what is the object of having trustees?—A. S.

(1) If the mortgage provides that upon default of the interest payment then both principal and interest become due and payable; foreclosure proceedings may be instituted whenever the monthly interest payment provided for is in arrears. Otherwise foreclosure proceedings cannot be begun until the expiration of the year. (2) It would make no difference whether the term of the loan was one or three years. (3) A deed of trust is for the purpose of securing payment of a loan. The borrower objects to deciding the property directly to the lender, and the trustee, a disinterested, neutral party, has been provided, who is under bonds to protect the interests of both parties.

spreads of the feminine gender. Some of this restlessiveness authors say exists among the ladies—bitchy, semi-mad, may be curbed when they learn of what Ethelbert has in view.

One dollar, maintains Ethelbert, will purchase for bachelor bachelors, pasture widows, debutantes and potential divorcees a chance at Heaven. Home and, possibly Harlem. Ethelbert has on his shelf, he sez, one "handsome chap" from a fine family who wants to get married. "He believes," continues Ethelbert, "marriage is a chance anyway and he knows a good chance meeting has soured this way as any other." A little further along he writes that his beautiful though metropolitan Lethario "across to marry for a day holding the lucky number, regardless of time or religion, providing she is white."

What Ethelbert wants the dollar from each lady for is a mystery. Perhaps he wants to furnish up a Bronx flat with the proceeds, which should begin rolling in about one week from today. Perhaps he intends erecting a statue to Hyman or somebody in the professional unionizing game. Perhaps, as a grand little union-buster himself, he'll build his own monument.

Anyhow Ethelbert assures his probable customers that the goods are absolutely guaranteed, non-refundable and unfading and, moreover, "What's one dollar when happiness is at stake. Go without that Angel Steg Sundae once—certifies that love seat in the movie palace—leave bon bon alone for a day holding the lucky number, regardless of time or religion, providing she is white."

LADIES, YOU SHOULD KNOW ETHELBERT.

To know the young man hereinafter called Ethelbert because that is not his name, must be a joy forever.

Even an acquaintance with him should be one of life's treats.

For Ethelbert, who lives in Gotham, knows a thing or two you better would be do. As a scheme-manufacturer and all-around organization-bound he's about as good a one as it is.

Ethelbert has the devilish plan. It's meant only for adventurous

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Time Thieves

To J. O. B. Homeland.

Time is an asset—like a piece of good property or a bond in a steel box.

The average asset can be impaired by misuse or mismanagement. It can also be stolen or wasted. It is that way with time. All the while, Jimmy-old-boy, I find myself striving to keep my time intact. Sometimes I succeed, sometimes I fail, for certain people seem to be bent on getting my time away from me or filling it up with trifles.

Mr. Procrastination, for example, tries to steal my time. He is an arch thief, clever as they make 'em, and always fitted out with the latest tools of burglary. Often he gets my time away from me, after chloroforming me with the inclination to postpone things which ought to be done this very minute.

Mr. Lateman is another time thief. He sneaks into my day, promises to be at a certain place at a certain time to meet me, and doesn't show up until I am an hour poorer. I don't like him at all and wish I might scratch him from my list of acquaintances.

Then there is Mr. Longtalker who uses up most of the language going into details which might just as well be omitted. I try not to be at home when he calls, but he usually manages to get in and lambast my precious minutes with his chatter till they are down and out.

The only cure for time-thievery, as I see it, is for everybody to be considerate of the other fellow and not try to unnecessarily get his time away from him.

I am well aware that this condition is nearly millennial and scarcely to be hoped for, but it will help some if only a few of the time thieves will aim to be on time, talk only of really important things leaving the trifles to take care of themselves, talk short and to the point—and consider the other fellow!

Who is the other fellow? Why, you and me, the chaps who live in our block, and the men we do business with.

M. L.

(Copyright, 1919, by Richard Wightman)

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FILM and SCREEN SCENARIO

McAdoo Gives Counsel to Ambitious and Restless Stars

(Special Correspondence.)
HOLLYWOOD, L. A., Oct. 11.—The biggest noise in pictures here is William C. McAdoo.

Remember McAdoo? Did you buy a Liberty bond or patronize a railroad during the recent war period? Same Mr. McAdoo! Not changed a bit. He continues to patronize Trouble. As general counsel for the Big Four—Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and David Wark Griffith—McAdoo is up to his ears in the picture game.

McAdoo arrived in the capital of the motion picture world. He has taken part in several conferences with his Big Four associates and fellow high-salaried officials; inspected, with Fairbanks, the new Santa Barbara, which they own jointly and are planning to cut up into building sites for the high and mighty magnates of Wall Street, and delivered a speech or two in favor of the adoption of the League of Nations plan.

LIKES HIS JOB.
McAdoo seems to like his job. He holds forth in the private office of Douglas Fairbanks. He enjoys the studio scenery and, apparently, does not pay much attention to the pretty actresses who, in brilliant costumes and "screen makeup," occasionally pass through his vision. But one can never tell by looking at McAdoo just what thoughts are being germinated in that part of his body located above his shoulders. McAdoo has the face of a successful poker player. Unless all signs fail, he must be an expert in the art of raking in pots and in taking care of the kitty.

As the official spokesman of the Big Four, McAdoo is set in his determination not to say anything for publication until the conference comes to a close.

FAIRBANKS TO TRAVEL.
The plans of Douglas Fairbanks, of course, are being discussed. Like Mary Pickford, he is determined to do something really worth while. He also is planning an invasion of European countries along the lines Mary Pickford has had in contemplation for months. He, too, senses the universal fan desire for better and more instructive entertainment. The battlefields and ruins of Europe will undoubtedly be the locale of one or more Fairbanks pictures in the not very distant future.

GRIFITH TO FIT.
David Wark Griffith's Eastern production plans also must have engaged the attention of the conference. The wizard of Hollywood may maintain his studio in Hollywood for emergency work and because of sentimentality occasionally film a picture there, but his future business activities of any moment will be confined to the plants he has planned for New York, Long Island and, according to floating rumors here, Florida.

Play Downer.
Bill Hart will continue to remain outside of the fold of the United Artists corporation. His determination to retire soon permanently from the screen is said to be as great now as it was when he first gave it as a reason for not joining the United Artists. Bill is just as ambitious as they are to do something out of the ordinary and his work in the next few years will be interesting. Just what he has in mind for his farewell picture.

J. Parker Read Jr. has in preparation a new story for his star, Louise Glaum's, next production. It is an original story by C. Gardner Sullivan, which is now being written in the studio. The success of "Sahara," Miss Glaum's first super-production under Mr. Read's management, has broken all records. It is a picture which has inspired, and has the latest offering, "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," is said to be one of the most brilliant thrillers melodramatic spectacles presented in the silent drama. It can be realized that it will be no easy task to follow up these two successes.

Billie Burke in "The Misdemeanor" and Vivian Martin in "The Third Kiss," are now Paramount-Artcraft pictures. "The Misdemeanor" marks the return of Billie Burke to the screen after a period of several months.

Bryant Washburn's new Paramount picture, "A Very Good Young Man," is another one of those light comedy productions which have made the star so popular among film patrons.

In "The Valley of the Giants," Wallace Reid's latest Paramount-Artcraft photoplay, the scenes are said to be the most magnificent of the surrounding leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of background.

Latest Photo of
MAE MURRAY,
Beautiful Pathe Star, Who Is Being Featured in Some Notable Releases of the Year



Star Writes Of Two Years In the Movies

By ELSIE FERGUSON.
There is something very strange about me. The more I read the Sunday supplement the more I am convinced of what I seem to be the only living, moving actress who, as a child, did not dream of becoming a movie star. In every interview with every famous film actress, it is always brought out that her childhood's ambition was to become a moving picture star.

Now, curiously enough, I was never like that. I never dreamed of becoming a motion picture actress. At the time when motion pictures were first introduced to the public I never took them at all seriously. I was only interested in the spoken drama.

My first experience before the motion picture camera was more terrible than anything I have ever known. I was in motion picture night of a new play, have I been so frightened. I actually wept from fright while they turned the crank and the camera.

The name of my first picture was "Barbary Sheep." Maurice Tourneur was the director. Even now I shudder when I recall the shock that I received when he instructed me to stand in the middle of the nightgown! Can you imagine an actress making her debut in a nightgown? I dressed for the part—I can call it dressing—and came to the studio wrapped in my fur coat. When the lights were ready and the camera in place I crawled between the ghastly yellow sheets on the bed—yellow is used in a strange way for bed and nightgown, photograph. There, as I was instructed, I registered drowsiness. Everything was going quite smoothly, until I suddenly saw a strange man in bed and nightgown, deliberately entering my room. I sat bolt upright and shrieked.

However, the director assured me that, though somewhat informal, the stranger's entrance was quite correct—as it was written in the script. The man, Lumsden Hare, was playing the part of my husband, who was going to gaze at me while I lay in bed.

Many ridiculous situations occur in all movies while the scenes are being made. For instance, during the making of "Barbary Sheep," when I was standing on a balcony, the director shouted, through a megaphone, from below, "You are gazing off into the desert; you are drinking in a wonderful mirage, hours of the desert." I was really gazing into another set from my point of vantage. A murder scene was being filmed there and a sheriff was breaking down a door to save a girl in distress. When I received my signal to gaze out to the heart of the Sahara, I assumed a languid expression, such as one uses on these occasions, and, midst shot and shell, I stuck my head and neck out of the window and drank in the beauty of the desert mirage. Somewhere, over my head, a fan was turned on, upon which I immediately knew that I was being chilled by the cool night breezes of the desert. I rew my hair with my shoulders.

The director was much pleased with the effect, and another scene was staged from the balcony. I was told to look down the balcony my lover below. I think I must have registered surprise rather than joy when I did look down—right at an enormous paint barrel, in the place where Lumsden Hare, my lover, was supposed to be standing. Never did Juliet speak to her Romeo more passionately than I did to that paint barrel. I even threw it a rose, which landed nicely in the middle of it.

I have learned many things in the movies that will be of great benefit to me if I ever decide to lead a rural life. For instance, I have learned how to peel potatoes and to fry fish. I even know how to weed the garden and raise potatoes, if necessary.

Farrar Will Sing Her Way East Diva Works 12 Months of Year

For the first time in the musical history of America a grand opera star of the first magnitude will sing her way eastward from the west coast. Geraldine Farrar is the warbler, her starting point Los Angeles and her objective New York City. Ever since "Jerry" became a movie star she has done things in a way that fans call "punely." She will be "on tour" six weeks before opening in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

"I work twelve months in a year," said "Jerry" recently. "I never rest. A change is as good as a rest. That is one reason why I play in motion pictures between singing seasons. While doing my screen work I never neglect my singing voice. I regulate my actions with my voice always in my mind. Of course, I am a slave to my voice, but that is what I must be."

Farrar's food is prepared by a chef who is also a sort of traveling companion. "A good stomach goes a long way toward keeping the voice fit," says the songbird. "I go regularly to a throat specialist and I watch constantly for anything that may upset that tyrant throat of mine."

Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass., in 1892. She began to study the voice when she was 12 years old and made her debut when she was 18 years old. "After that," she said, "I sang eight months in this country and four abroad."

When the war came and I could not go abroad I was at a loss what to do in summer. I decided to go west and work in pictures between seasons. Now it has become a habit, as everything else in my life.

Bessie Love has concluded her contract with the Vitaphone company, and during a period of rest and recreation will take under consideration three handsome offers that she has received from producers.

Pretty Ruth Clifford, who was formerly featured by the Universal company, has been lured away from that fold by a fine offer from the Grohman Amusement Company, and has left for the East to star in a new serial picture.

Illness interrupted the work of Dossie Barriscale last week, but it was not of a serious nature, and after a few days' rest she was able to resume under the direction of her husband, Howard Hickman.

Mildred Harris Chaplin's plans are to be released through the First National Exhibitors Circuit. They are to be made from six successful looks, the first of which is "Gold Digger," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

Daniel Crisp, who has guided the destinies of Bryant Washburn, Paramount-Artcraft star, through many delightful comedy-dramas, again handles the megaphone during the production of "Love Insurance," Mr. Crisp's latest offering.

William Duncan and his supporting company are at San Pedro, Calif., making water scenes for the ninth episode of his new Vitaphone serial, "Smashing Barriers."

And as for committing murder—well, I think I am a past master of the art. I have learned thoroughly, the intricate details of murdering gentlemen, whether by poisoning, strangling, shooting or stabbing.

Speaking as an expert on the subject of murder, I would rather employ the method of poison than that of stabbing, shooting, or strangling. The sight of a gun or knife makes my blood run cold.

Two years have gone by since I entered the movies, and I feel that it has been a wonderful experience for me. Some people have asked me if I miss playing before an audience, yes, I do. I miss the inspiration, I miss the applause, I miss the wide sweep of the stage to move about on. Yet I wouldn't miss the delight and thrill of the movies for anything. It is all so topsy-turvy, so exciting and so changeable that I am never bored for a moment. I expect some day to return to the legitimate stage, but I shall certainly go back to the screen.

I, who once laughed at the moving pictures, am now a movie fan!

Washburn's latest starring vehicle, Mr. Crisp is a wizard in his particular branch of the profession and his productions starring Mr. Washburn stand in a class by themselves.

Again is Fritz Brunette scheduled to support Jack Kerrigan. It will be her fourth with this star, who appears to like the work of his sprightly leading lady so well that he has given no consideration to the many offers who would like to stand in Fritz's shoes.

Maude S. Banks, a young woman who has made a large fortune in Wyoming oil fields, has organized a movie company and will endeavor to make a star of herself.

It is less than nine months since Dorothy Gibson started work on the first picture of her own Paramount series. The progress made in that time by a girl whose only bid to real stardom was her appearance in "D. W. Griffith's 'Hearts of the World,'" is said to have surpassed the most sanguine expectations of everyone connected with her production.

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High Cost of Making New Pictures Is Going Upward

Ascending at a more rapid rate than even necessities, motion picture production cost is a serious problem in general cost that seems almost astounding.

For instance, Clara Kimball Young, who is now making but four pictures a year, makes the following comparisons between her last Select picture and her first new production under the plan of the Equity Players Corporation.

"The Better Wife," which was her last program, or ordinary production, cost complete \$30,000 and required but three weeks to complete. Very few scenic sets were built and none of these were pretentious.

In contrast, "Eyes of Youth," her first production under the new arrangement, cost more than \$250,000 to produce and required four months to complete.

The cost of the play alone was \$40,000, and the payroll for such picture-making as it involved, including Milton Sills, Gareth Hughes, Pauline Lord, Vincent Serrano, Edmund Lowe, William Courtleigh, Ralph Lewis, Sam Sothern, Edward Kimball and other noted players exceeded \$50,000 a week.

One scenic set measuring 107 feet long by 30 feet wide and built of brick and terra cotta material cost more than \$20,000, with several other sets exceeding \$10,000 in construction cost.

Miss Young's costumes cost more than \$5,000, while the net attire purchased by eight leading men exceeded \$1,000.

Thirty-one thousand feet of negative film was exposed and over 120,000 feet of positive film taken from the negative.

One scene, which is shown on the screen but forty-five seconds, required fifty-one exposures and took thirteen hours of application by the entire technical staff to complete.

And there are three weeks of cutting, titling, tinting and toning to do after completion, then four hundred thousand feet of film must be developed to publish the eighty copies necessary for the domestic market alone.

June Mathis Brings Luck to Ball Team

June Mathis, head of Metro's scenario department, is hailed as their good-luck jessie by the members of the studio baseball nine.

At the game between Metro and Brumton, Miss Mathis sat watching in the motor car with Mr. Frothingham and Bessie Barriscale of Brumton. Metro appeared to be losing and finally Miss Mathis got out of the car with tears in her eyes, congratulated the two and hurried over to her own car in the Metro parking line.

In stantly Metro's luck changed and it won the game. Of course, Miss Mathis is now the idol of the team.

The signing of one of the largest contracts in motion picture history with William C. Hart, noted film star, was announced by the Famous Players-Lasky corporation recently. Mr. Hart will make pictures during the next two years for this company. His contract was signed by Vice-President Frank A. Gubbitz of the corporation.

This announcement dispensed of some rumors that the famous actor, who has been making pictures for a group of motion stars—He will make nine pictures for the Famous Players-Lasky corporation dealing with the studio. The statement declared that the entire Hart organization will remain intact and that the same high quality of pictures will be maintained. All productions and studio affairs will be under the management of E. H. Allen.

A gala day was celebrated recently at the Bunton studios in Los Angeles when the entire personnel of President Wilson's touring party visited the lot for a glimpse at motion picture making. After spending several hours watching J. Warren Kerrigan, Mary Pickford, Henry Wallard and George Donnan Ticker making extensive preparations for the making of a picture, the party was entertained at a luncheon on a cafe set by Robert Brunton.

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Wrecker of Million Screen Souls Revolts and Abandons Vampire Roles to Wear Curls

By JANE DIXON
Mercy me, but it is difficult to live down a reputation! If you do not believe it, ask Miss Theda Bara, official and informal vampire of the United States of America and all outlying civilized nations the world over.

Poor Miss Bara! Such a nice, quiet, warm-hearted, fun-loving girl to be registered on the roll of contemporary art as a "wicked vampire."

Small wonder Miss Bara went on strike. Small wonder she positively and absolutely refused to "vamp" another reel.

Small wonder she told her director and her manager and her producer and all the rest of the moving picture machinists to take the tiger skins and the purple robes and the long, swinging earrings to a certain climate where furs are superfluous.

Miss Bara struck. She was scared. She had been playing the vampire so long she actually began to believe herself one. And she does not want in the least to be a wicked woman.

Let me say for the benefit of the few hundred thousand fans who have seen Theda, the inimitable, including and screening all over the screen, that this showy destroyer of homes and happiness is one of the gentlest, most harmless young creatures who ever manhandled.

She lives with mother and sister and a brother in an unpretentious apartment in West End avenue, New York City. The furnishings of her home exude simple elegance. There isn't a single leopard skin in the house—or a string of red teeth. But there are books—lots of them—and light and plenty of fresh air.

Today, in the movies, Miss Bara is Kathleen Mavourneen.

AN IRISH COLLEEN.
The "wicked vampire" of shadowland is that sweet little, smiling, Irish colleen of rhyme and story. She wears torn cotton dresses and bare feet and a baby stroller.

The worst is yet to come. She wears Mary Pickford curls! Yes, she does, really. They are most becoming curls. They frame the famous Bara eyes in a soft dark cloud, the quintessential of youth. That terrible, wicked woman who fed on the souls of men and kept her hair pinned up with a diamond stud, the evil, the terrible, the terrible, a laugh in his heart and the joy of living pulsing through her little young body.

What did Miss Bara wear? I do hate to tell you, ladies, but it was not trailing burnt orange chiffon trimmed with sable. It wasn't even crimson velvet with gold gossamers, nor black velvet with ermine.

WHAT SHE WORE.
Theda of the three-my thrills wore a navy blue foulard frock with sleeves of tan at the throat, and elbow, and wrist, and a soft dark cloud, the quintessential of youth. That terrible, wicked woman who fed on the souls of men and kept her hair pinned up with a diamond stud, the evil, the terrible, the terrible, a laugh in his heart and the joy of living pulsing through her little young body.

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All Interior Scenes Now Taken With Aid of Light

The amount of electrical equipment with which a moving picture studio is supplied is stupendous.

The older days when the films were taken in the interior scenes by the aid of natural light, with its occasional use of diffusers. Now all that is changed. There is practically no first-class company that does not take nearly all of its interior sets under the glare of the mercury lamps.

The electrical equipment of the Universal film company alone is valued at \$500,000. For every interior scene taken on the Universal stage a battery of mercury lights, manned by a score of electricians, is used. Besides the mercury light, which gives a subdued, greenish glow, low in lumens, never a bright overhead are lights are employed to give clearness and distinctness to the picture. Of late years, many excellent photographic effects have been obtained through the judicious handling of the spot light. For instance, by means of the spot light, a star even has had the beauty of her hair enhanced by a soft flood of light.

For photographing the interiors of public buildings or private homes, Universal has two fully equipped auto trucks carrying 90 kilowatt generators, capable of brightening up any office or turning night into day. This company has its own electrical shops and makes nearly all of its own electrical equipment. The largest spot light in the world was recently finished at the Universal electrical shops. This huge spot light, which stands ten feet in the air, has a 14-inch condenser, uses a 500-ampere current, and gives such a strong ray of light that by its use a closeup can be taken of Mary MacLaren's face with a spot light 250 feet away, and her features will be brought out in sharp detail.

Darrell Foss is the first actor engaged by Universal. Karger for May Allison's support in "The Walk-Offs." This comedy is to be pictured by screen classics.

Darrell Foss will have the role of "The Walk-Offs," the part played by Edmund Lowe in the production at Morosco's New York theater. Mr. Foss played May Allison's brother in "The Walk-Offs," the part played by Edmund Lowe in the production at Morosco's New York theater.

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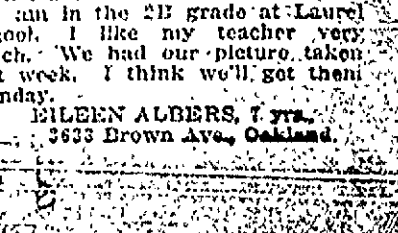
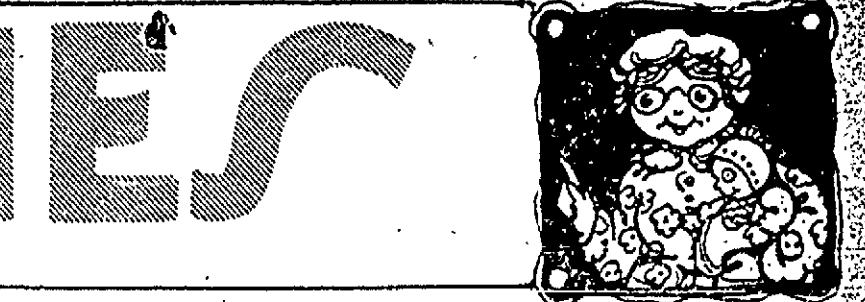
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BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

BILGE AND MA

Peter Clark MacFarlane's Famous Characters Serve on Destroyers in the North Sea and Theirs Is a Story of the Dangers and Humors of War.

Peter Clark MacFarlane has done the most part, although there are many, many things in the form of human endeavor, and many of these are familiar to residents of Oakland and of all of the Bay cities, to say nothing of the remainder of California, which has become acquainted with them vicariously instead of personally, as is the case with Oakland and Alameda. But he has done nothing that more deserves credit than that accomplishment of bringing to the recognition of a great public the fact that the men and the officers of the American destroyer fleet had a wonderful part in winning the war.

It is not by the method of preaching that MacFarlane has done this, and the statement is made in full realization of the fact that in Alameda he made his bid to fame by being a preacher from an orthodox pulpit. While the heroes of MacFarlane's tale of destroyer men, sea and ashore, are understood to be symbols, nevertheless it is has been asserted that the original of one of them died for his country and for the countries in behalf of which his country went to war. Of the life aboard a destroyer in the North Sea and of the life led by a destroyer crew when ashore, MacFarlane had ample opportunity to acquire a first hand knowledge, and also a second hand knowledge conveyed by those with whom he was associated.

Bilge and Ma were respectively a chief machinist's mate and a "bogie's" mate on the destroyer Judson. The names their parents bestowed on them were not those by which they were known on the Judson. Bilge was a Brooklyn, N. Y., man, and Ma left a Texas cattle range to take up the burden of Democracy. Both possessed original ideas as to how to make life pleasant when there came surcease from seeking submarines, and it is with these periods of their career that MacFarlane's book deals for

"THE GREATER GLORY"

William Dudley Pelley Has Written a Story That Is as Enjoyable as a Trip Back to Old Small Town Home

For the big city resident whose youth was spent in some small town, and for the small town resident there is in store a treat, providing said residents have not read "The Greater Glory" by William Dudley Pelley. In fact it seems difficult to conceive of any who will not find delight in the story, but possibly there are those so intensely urban that they can find no entertainment in the recital of the vital events in the lives of "the hicks," as said urbane characters virtually every one who was not born in shouting distance of a Broadway or a Market street, and made good by living there all of the time. All that has been written here anent the treat store will have an entertainment meaning if the person has come from or lives in some small New England city or town, for it is in one such town that the characters of the story lived their lives.

The story is told by one who runs the little newspaper in the little town of Paros, Vermont, and right from the start the reader is convinced that the teller is one to whom the small things and the great things that have to do with the happiness and the sorrow of each individual in the town are as personal and as vital as though they had to do with him as an individual. There is a wide affection for humanity that makes for an all-embracing kindness—a kindness that reaches out and draws the reader into fine accord with the emotions that achieve orientation through the printed word.

Only one who has toiled in a small town newspaper office can fully appreciate the adherence to "atmosphere" (expressive but over-exerted word) that is found in the book. But they do not get into it any length, and that possibly is why it is so akin to the real thing. Anyway, it is from the windows, literally and figuratively, of the little newspaper office that much that is told of is observed.

Primarily, the story is that of Mary Wood, but there are a dozen or more pictures of men or women drawn with apt hand. The life of Mary Wood might be taken as a symbol of the life of the ordinary woman in the ordinary small town, wherever it may be, and the reviewer may again be influenced by personal reasons for he was born and passed his youth in a small town in New England that is different from other towns of similar size in other parts of the United States, and the indefinable something makes itself felt in the story that Pelley has written.

Mary Wood was born in a village, and the treatment rendered to the hands of a mother drove her to Paris before her education was completed. In Paris she obtained employment in the newspaper plant in question. She became a part of the social and business life of the town, and in time is married to a

ON BOOKS IN GENERAL

If at any time in the past six years you have read through a copy of the "New Statesman" you will have noticed the contribution therein of Solomon Eagle. What is the real name of the gentleman who bears this pseudonym the present reviewer is unable to state, but would really desire to do so. So much of humor, so much of a warm and human outlook upon life, so much of a wholesomeness, are wrapped up in the collected essays thus weekly produced that the telling of whom they really credited would be a pleasing privilege.

Solomon Eagle's essays are not always exciting, not always brilliant. They lack a certain superficial brightness that we have been trained to seek in later-day work of this sort. They have not the depth of Pater nor the scholarlyness of Matthew Arnold. They do not invest the writer with any apparently unusual wisdom or abnormally keen sight. In the words of our automotive advertisers, they are built for comfort, not for speed.

This is a distinction that ought particularly to be made in exploiting such a book to an American audience. For you can never tell the appearance of an American audience, the cut of its hair, the height of its head or the depth of its forehead what may be its particular taste in literary criticism, or if it has any taste therein at all. It may be either a chamber-music audience or a jazz music audience, and its wants will vary materially from the one to the other.

For the person whose inclinations are toward an easy chair heavily upholstered, a pair of carpet slippers and a velvet dressing gown, a good light down close to the book, such a person is Solomon Eagle. And to those other accommodations ought also to be added plenty of time and a lack of other pressing business. "Books in General," by Solomon Eagle. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1919.

PETER CLARK MacFARLANE, author of "The Exploits of Ma and Bilge."



PEACE AND BUSINESS

Isaac F. Marzouk, well-known writer, traveler, lecturer and newspaper man, who, it will be recalled, addressed a large audience in this city last year on after-war problems, is the author of "Peace and Business," just issued by the John Lane Company of New York. Between 1914 and 1919 Marzouk made five trips to Europe, visiting all the allied countries and every important neutral. The author points out specifically how the American manufacturer and exporter can take advantage of the new and altered conditions. The chapters treat with "The New Britain," "France and the Future," "Holland and World Trade," "Switzerland, the Buffer State," "The German in Spain," "The New Italy," "Can Germany 'Be Ruled'?" and "America's Opportunity."

In the opinion of Marzouk Great Britain is far better equipped to meet the trying and permanent problems of recovery than any other of the allied countries, and that it is with her and her alone, that America must reckon. The bloodless struggle for unity, the trade supremacy, "England," the author declares, "found out that she had permitted the German to live like a mushroom in her mud, and the lifeblood of vital industries to be made practically indispensible to the productive well-being of the nation, and that her industry is disorganized and an easy target for attack."

Recapitulating the assets of Great Britain the author mentions her business facilities, her productive machine, her knowledge of world-trade secrets gained during the war, her transportation system, her lessons of thrift taught by war. All goods now shipped into England, no matter where made, are plainly labeled "Not British." It is impossible for German goods to be sold under British labels, and the practice before the war, in the opinion of the author, if the same condition was imposed by the United States the immense factories that Germany has acquired in neutral countries like Switzerland, Spain and Sweden would soon go out of commission.

The dock and port facilities of France were hopelessly inadequate, the author declares, up to the time of the war, and even in some

A PARANOIAC IN A STORY

Of recent years the word paranoiac has been much before the public, its principal use being to describe a condition of the human mind that frequently results in a trip routed for the galleys being diverted to liberty with a brief stop-over at the psychopathic ward. A few generations ago the condition now termed paranoiac was called "just pure cussedness," and if parental establishment did not cure the trouble, the hangman did. At least, to the layman the conditions appeared similar.

However, acknowledging that the word has assumed a familiar place in the language of every day, it is fair to acknowledge that such circumstances is justification for the creation of fiction with the word as its motif. And such fiction, with the word largely emphasized as the author's subject has appeared. The most recent of this line is "Oscar Montague—Paranoiac," by George Lincoln Walton, M. D. Dr. Walton has written "Why Worry," "Those Nerves," and other popularly phrased semi-medical books, but now he essays to tell the life story

of a youth whose first presentation convinces the reader that a good old fashioned spanking would be a fine thing.

Oscar Montague, and his immediate relatives, as pictured by Dr. Walton convince that paranoiac really describes a condition, for most of those who read the book will have little difficulty in recognizing some acquaintance. Lost there be misapprehension that the subject of discussion is a real person, Dr. Walton says that such is not the case, and "that while many ideas have been suggested by actualities (as most ideas are), the pictures are complete and the characters fictitious."

Dr. Walton's ideas of treatment can be discovered in the book, but they are not obtrusive. He has a certain humor of narrative and is sufficiently apt in his choice of language to establish in the mind of his reader likes or dislikes for characters. As a work of fiction the book is not extraordinary, but as a medical treatise it is mighty easy reading.

"Oscar Montague—Paranoiac," by George Lincoln Walton, M. D. J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.50 net.

CALIFORNIA

J. Smeaton Chase's Story of Desert Trails in This State Is Worth Addition to Literature of Charm.

The California section of travel literature continues to grow apace. From the earlier days when Mary Austin's delightful "Land of Little Rain" was the chief, and almost only content of that section, to today, when an eastern publishing house has issued its eighteenth contribution, progress has been rapidly made. We are able, we western dwellers, to see ourselves as others see us, and with the "others" rapidly expanding in numbers.

Of course, none of us are under any impression but that this ought to be as it is. We have long maintained, together with hotel keepers about Niagara Falls and railroad traffic agents on the lines to the Yellowstone, that there is no more proper sentiment of travel extant than "See America First." In fact, so well informed are we of what we have to show that only a sort of indignation marks our contemplation of the hordes that once were wont annually to go abroad and a sort of selfish satisfaction our notice of the fact that the war stopped them. Why go abroad, in fact, when California remains to be viewed?

J. Smeaton Chase has added another delightful volume to California lore, "California Desert Trails."

It is, in a measure, a companion book to his "Yosemite Trails" and "California Coast Trails," and for the reason that his two former books touched phases of the Golden State that were more commonly under the ken of its inhabitants, the new book will probably attract western readers with much the force that it does easterners. The previous volumes listed the attractions of two of the most attractive scenic wonderlands of the west. In this new book he describes a third—the Colorado desert. As before, he has captured the atmosphere, describing the desert with a charm such as few others have approached.

In a way often humorous and always pleasant he tells of the beauties and interests of the desert, things that many would have supposed not to exist. Its sands and its sun are so attractive in their own way under his hand. Its skies by day and night, its plants and animal life, are almost thrilling in his narration.

The volume is the fruit of some two years' continuous tramping and traveling on the desert. It might more exactly be named "Colorado Desert Trails," since there are within this state other expanses of desert (such as the Mojave, but the title does have the virtue of saving the private reader from the mistake of supposing he is to hear something about the state of that name.

It is particularly to be noted that "California Desert Trails" is not the book of a scientist nor a book for scientists. Mr. Chase does not happen to be so equipped. But if one thing was needed to perfect his work he has written it, was his negative qualification on this subject. He may as he did, safely leave the scientific side of the desert to men trained in that sort of observation, as we may leave their observations to those who are interested in them.

"California Desert Trails," by J. Smeaton Chase. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, \$3.

FOR FRESHMEN YOUNG AND OLD

Your fishing pipe goes out while you read this new latest book, "Fishing Tackle and Kite," if you are a fisherman it goes out because you are too absorbed to keep on puffing, and if you are a tyro it goes out because you get excited and blow down the stem.

There is scarcely a finer piece of fish lore than the chapter on "Bass Fishing at Night." You get all worked up as you used to be when you read about the marines at the turning point in France. "If you are a tyro you get a new ambition, and maybe also if you are an old-timer along the ways of the water, you have a fish talk from an experienced fisherman who has been there, and yet she admits that when she stumbled into the game of bass fishing at night she lost her dignity entirely. Whether you fish or dream about it, you will enjoy this chapter.

All the rest of the way through the more than 100 pages the reading is not a whit less interesting, not to speak of instructive. Whether you are a fisherman or an aspirant, there is a vast amount of information in the 334 pages of this excellently done book. Information about every angle of the angling art, things worth knowing about, tackle, equipment, how to play the fish, how to hook him, how to find him and what to say to him so he won't too seriously mistrust you and beat it for the far-away waters.

And all the way it is written in the inimitable style known to readers of the author's former book as well as his contribution to the National Sportsman, of which she is editor, and the fishing columns of many daily papers.

"Fishing Tackle and Kite," by Dixie Carroll. Stewart & Kidd Co., publishers, Cincinnati. In two styles of binding: silk cloth, \$2; three-fourths Morocco, \$1.50.

DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN.

"At a Dollar a Year," by Robert L. Raymond (Marshall-Jones company) celebrates the civilian war workers at Washington. The stories are full of fun, but they have also a historic value, so accurately do they reproduce the spirit and character of the dollar a year men. The stories, concerned with little things far from the front, might have been called collectively "Ripples on the Outside Edge of the Macstream."

KATHLEEN NORRIS, California novelist, whose latest story, "Silver," was recently reviewed in this page.



HOMING WITH THE BIRDS

How many there are who are keenly intrigued by sights of bird life, and how few there are who really have intimate knowledge of even the most common of the songsters that live close to the busy cities. It is true that here in California, especially on the coast there is a scarcity of bird variety as compared with the states on the eastern coast of the continent but even so there are many opportunities for investigation into the more intimate pathways which the feathered inhabitants of this section journey in their daily vocations.

But starting out on one's own untaught initiative in such a pursuit is not likely to be of immediate and desirable result, and so it is that persons thus desired and thus untaught will find a world of help in a book just completed by Gene Stratton Porter. Mrs. Porter commands high respect among the few who really do know their bird friends, and she has written a number of authoritative works on bird life.

The most recent of Mrs. Porter's work along the line of bird history, while furnishing a vast amount of information, is told in a manner that makes it as fascinating as fiction—more so than is some fiction. And bringing up fiction in this connection, it is quite possible that some of those who know Mrs. Porter only through her fiction have sensed that she has firmly fixed in her make-up an abounding affection for life other than that of humans. "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Timberlake" give such an impression.

"Homing With the Birds," really is a sort of autobiography of the author, at least insofar as her incursions into the world of birds are concerned. Mrs. Porter has been a hunter of birds, but she has hunted with a keen affection for her quarry, and her weapons of the chase have been an appreciative eye and a camera. Hence it is that the book is illustrated by more than seventy reproductions from photographs picturing the most domestic duties of the father and the mother bird as well as events of importance in the fiedlings.

There is description of species sufficient to make the book a text comprehensive study of which will enable the reader to identify the birds that come to his or her notice, and there is told much that will enable one to augment this knowledge of identification by knowledge of the identified's daily habits. The book is one of charm seldom found in a work which primarily is purposed as a volume of instruction, and the reader soon realizes that the author not only has had a wonderful experience, but has as well a wonderfully attractive way of conveying to others the joy she has experienced.

"Homing With the Birds," by Gene Stratton Porter. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, \$2.

ETHEL M. DELL has done a fine thing in writing "The Lamp in the Desert," and she has created three strong characters to live through a well-conceived story of life in an army post in India. The story is one of a great love existing in the heart of a woman and of a great love existing in the heart of a man, and in the case of the woman her love is unobtainable through a series of circumstances that test every fiber of her being, physical and mental.

Miss Dell has won the admiration of a large circle of readers by previous novels, chief among them probably being "Greatheart." She writes as one having first hand knowledge of the India that appears in her stories—the India of army gossips, army jealousies and other attributes of the Englishman of the army that have been established in public credibility by no less an authority than Kipling.

Stella Denvers comes unannounced from England to the army post where her brother Tommy is a subaltern. The women folk of the post treat her rather shabbily, and in self defense she agrees to become the wife of Captain Dacre, whom she does not love. Tommy Denvers has become the chum of Everard Monck, also an officer at the post. Monck is a taciturn man who holds himself aloof from everyone, being more friendly toward Tommy, who condescends toward Tommy who knows Monck is in love with Stella, and neither does she.

Not long after the marriage, and while the couple are on their honeymoon, Monck discovers that Dacre has a wife living and in a British prison, or at least she was at the time the letter was written in England by Monck's brother. Using devices peculiar to his own Monck condescends toward Tommy who in circumstances that led to the belief that he has fallen over a cliff

in time Monck realizes the happiness that comes from love's dearness being gratified, but this hap-

NATHAN

His "Comedians All" Is Adventure in Iconoclasm with Abstruse and Artificial Verbiage.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that a man with as much information as George Jean Nathan should choose such execrable methods as he does of divulging it. The present reviewer comes far from being a purist, as this particular review is apt to prove before it is ended. He does insist, however, that the English language has not, up to this time, been worn out, to a number of its words have seldom been used, and that many of those which have been used often are quite worth using again. Only occasionally does Mr. Nathan indicate that he has appreciated this fact. He can go further afield in pursuit of the crassly abstruse, vague and artificial word than a purblind scientist hunting butterflies.

Still the fault would be somewhat pardonable if Mr. Nathan did not often deal in ideas precisely as he deals in words, apparently for no other reason than to achieve a sort of easy smartness he appears willing on any occasion, when his other wits fail, so to abort and transpire a simple line of reasoning as to make its result as silly as his verbiage.

It should not be so. Mr. Nathan knows too much, has seen too much and has judged too much to prostitute knowledge, vision and judgment to such petty ends. And the very best proof either of his faults or his virtues is to be found in the latest of his volumes, "Comedians All," a collection of random essays anent the theater, which has just appeared.

When Mr. Nathan, for instance, turns a pretty phrase to prove that George Bernard Shaw expresses the opinion of the mob he not only wastes his own time, but his readers' too. When he prints a diatribe of twenty-seven lines against the cult of aesthetic dancing on the ground that it is participated in only by middle-aged women with gnarled legs, he not only is deliberately and intentionally overlooking such groups of dancers as Marion Morgan, Ruth St. Denis and our own Anita Peters Wright have trained and a dozen others of serious intent through the country, but he is hurling an undeserved insult at the intelligence of every person who has observed and applauded those groups.

On the other hand, for many of his iconoclasm Mr. Nathan is distinctly to be thanked. He has tumbled down the shoddy house of cards in both effective and enjoyable fashion and he has dealt posthumously to William Winter the sort of setting down that that critic deserved weekly through his long and flat career.

The longer essays in the book are by far the best; the shorter ones are usually tours de force in which the sandpaper of Mr. Nathan's style is particularly abundant. The "Masters' link essay is among these longer ones and it is handled with pleasing coherence and directness with the foundation of fact which few persons of the theater can so firmly lay as he. Brander Matthews is similarly dealt with, and again our thanks to the critic. "The Foremost American Producer," a biographical sketch in which the writer particularly abounds in chosen phrases that were not, and "The National Humor" are two others which go to making the book of interest.

"Comedians All," by George Jean Nathan. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$2.

SHORT STORIES.

About a year ago three of the younger English writers were discussing the reasons for the neglect of the short story in English speaking countries and for the failure common to books of this class, even when written by well-known writers. "We ruled," says one of them, "that a collection of short stories is apt to pull by reason of its sameness of method and outlook. From conspurcious failures we passed on to conspurcious successes and of course the names of Dostoevsky and Chaucer were instanced. Dostoevsky scored by being the first in the field, but we agreed, Chaucer beat him by making life and diverse characters tell his tales. But the tales are not new and the characters speak by one voice and nearly all in one medium."

We decided to do it again and, modestly speaking, better. We would make certain of originality, and diversity of method by collecting live writers and letting them choose their roles.

The result of this unusual experiment is the "New Statesman" which has just been published under the imprint of Robert M. McBride & Co. As the foregoing indicates, the book follows the example of its famous namesake in being a collection of tales, although each one is told by a different writer impersonating one of the characters in the book.

WHITLOCK'S BOOK.

Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgium's foremost literary figure, is not content to comment upon the work of his contemporaries, but after reading "Belgium" by Brand Whitlock, who D. Appleton & Co. published in America, Mr. Maeterlinck wrote an article about it in which he said: "In history it will be the principal as well as the most authoritative and terrible witness against Teutonic barbarism. It is the work of a man whose greatness is displayed as much as his character and in his heart as in the quality of his writing."

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WHITE LIGHTS

Achmed Abdullah.

CHAPTER I.

Susan Dunsmore was leaning her elbows on the taffrail of the P. and O. steamship Gurkha as the boat wearily made its way up the Hughli toward Calcutta, with Fort William looming up gray and sombre like a sentinel of Britain's fate in her eastern dominions.

She, for one, was not disappointed in that first glimpse of India. It was to her like a dream-picture, very charming, a little frightening, and quite unreal, a series of strange Gurkha noses its way through the local and coastwise shipping at the foot of Fort William she gave a gasp of surprise.

It had been an amazingly simple to come these fourteen thousand miles from America to India; and here she was, and the others! Of course they would make a great success. Tomorrow, Mr. Carroll, that advance agent, had said it was "a pipe."

"Looka here, Mr. Harrison," he had said to the old man who was signing the last of a series of guarantee checks in his office at the corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh.

"I know you've signed away a mint of money—railroad fares and steamer berths and costumes and scenery and ads and all that. But you ain't going to lose as much as a plugged nickel, believe me!"

"Why then, people in India are simple starved for a real, classy show. All they get, besides their native peepah hoochee-hoochees, is a few high-brow British actors and knights with musty voices and a full-size Shakespeare repertoire, and once in a while a No. 3 company from Australia who think 'Linger Longer Lou' is the latest."

"A real Yankee show, full of pep! That's what you want over there, Calcutta, Bombay, Lahore—and all the big towns. I've got the route draped straight."

"I got an old raja there who's nuts on American shows. Was here during the Chicago Fair and hasn't got over it yet. Believed me, Mr. Harrison. I'll make him the loose cash that's his 'round jibe and then some."

And so they were at the gateway of India, and Mr. Carroll had been right so far. On the platform, not only the young Bengal civilians and the subalterns of "Black" infantry, but even the commissioners and assistant commissioners, and residents and sundry members of the Indian government departments had wished and predicted success to the American players.

"Of course, Susan Dunsmore said to herself, Gwen Lorne was the star, and she was only the substitute, and how can when he chance would be. But what of that? She had a great, great ambition, and she would succeed in it. And then she would return to America—and then—"

"Say, kid"—a husky voice interrupted her pleasant reverie—"I got to."

She whirled, staring up with quick anger.

"See here, Ralph," she said. "I've told you often not to call me kid. I don't like it."

Ralph Emory sighed, mortification and embarrassment was in his honest, brown eyes, and he dried his red face with a violently checked handkerchief. "Some heat, eh?" he remarked, leaning his elbows in close proximity to hers; and then apologetically. "Say, I'm sorry I called you kid. I didn't mean to."

"That's all right," she said, softening. "I know you didn't mean any harm. But don't do it again—and don't stare at me so! You look like a nut."

"I know," he interrupted her. "I caught a glimpse of myself this morning as I was shaving."

"Susan!" he began again after a pause.

"Well—"

"You won't laugh at me, will you?"

"Laugh about what?"

"About what I'm going to say to you."

"How can I tell before you say it?"

"Well, I wanted to make sure. I know I'm the low comedian, all right, all right, and people sort of think that I'm slapstick off stage as well as on. Well, it ain't so. At heart I'm a serious gink! Why—say, kid—"

"Ralph! Ralph Emory!"

"Oh, Lord," he groaned. "It just slipped out. I couldn't help it."

He was silent, turned very pale, then red, and fairly blurted out:

"I love you, Susan! I love you! Will you marry me?" And, without waiting for an answer, he turned and ran along the deck toward the companionway and was about to dive down to the lower deck when Susan's voice caused him to stop.

"Ralph," she cried, "come back here and retract those steps and stand before her, not daring to look up, nervously fumbling in his pocket for his handkerchief."

"You meant that—that—oh—about loving me, Ralph?" she asked slowly.

"Meant it? Good Lord, girl! If you'd say 'Yes'—if you'd give me the tiniest, smallest fraction of love, I give you—I'd—oh, Susan!" The words choked in his throat.

"I didn't know," she said a little carelessly, "you are inclined to joke."

"I had guessed"—and there was the suspicion of a break in her voice.

"That's all right, kid," he continued, and this time she did not object to the mode of address. "I'll keep right on being your friend, if you'll let me."

"What a question! Of course I'll let you, you old silly!"

He was suddenly very serious. Something fine and deep and very loyal shone in his brown eyes, and his language, usually so careless, caught the reflected glory of the feelings in his soul.

"Why, Susan," he said, "my friendship for you is a big, vital thing to me. It's perhaps the most precious thing in my life. Whatever I feel is yours, and I mean it. My purse is yours, my time, my strength, my joys—and none of my sorrows—and I demand but one thing in return."

"And what is that, Ralph?"

"The right to look after you—a little—the right to kiss you—and warn you when I think you need it."

She gave a happy laugh. "I give you that right, Ralph, oh, so gladly! I guess every woman likes to feel—"

Still Ralph continued perfectly serious. "All right, Susan. Right here's where I start. Cut out that 'Susan' fellow."

Susan's pretty lips pouted in a gasp of astonishment.

"What's the matter with Cadorna?" she demanded, and her voice rose just the least little bit.

"I don't like him."

"But that's no reason—"

"Sure—that's no reason at all—not for me, leastwise."

"But why do you object to him?" she insisted. "Why do you warn me against him?"

"I haven't a single reason in the world. But I don't like him—and you know, Sue, we men got to other men quicker than you women do. We don't judge men with our hearts, our feelings—we judge 'em with our brains."

"Nor am I judging Mr. Cadorna with my heart," she cried, exasperated. "I told you before that I love nobody. I don't even like Mr. Cadorna one-tenth as much as I like you. But he has been nice to me, and promised to help me—"

"Help you?" his jealousy flared up. "Ain't I here to help you?"

"Oh, Ralph, dear, you are so dense and now I guess I shall have to tell you the whole secret, and I did so want it to come as a surprise for you. Remember when I first joined the company—how you encouraged me—and praised me—and told me that—"

"You bet! And I say so still. You've got the greatest little gift for dancing in America. It's a shame that you've to play under study to a fat old horse like Gwen Lorne. A little training—a few lessons—and you can dance rings around all the rest of 'em earned. Sure, I remember. What's that got to do with Cadorna?"

"Everything! You see, I happened to speak to him about it, and he told me he'd help me. He knows everybody in India, all the rajahs and nabobs, and whatever they call themselves. He's going to see to it that I learn all the native dances, and that I learn them right. Isn't that bully of him, Ralph? I'm going to be the sensation of New York when I return. I'll show them the real thing!"

Momentarily he was carried away by her enthusiasm.

"Fine and dandy!" he cried. "Good for Cadorna! Then he shook his head. 'But I don't like him."

Just the same. "Well," he continued, "I'll be there to look after you. Say"—looking up and seeing the grim profile of Fort William rapidly jutting into the focus—"we're nearly there, and I promised Mortimer and Ffoliott to let them in a farewell nip—excuse me!" And he hurried off.

Mortimer and Ffoliott were at that moment in the smoking saloon, where they exchanged condolences over their brandy peps—the former a junior in the Bengal civil service, the latter an army man.

Finally, after mutual envy of each other's appointments, as expressed in disparagement of their individual billets, they agreed. "There's only one thing worth while in India—beastly nabob-like Cadorna—"

Just then Ralph Emory entered, and slipping into a seat between the two young Britons, inquired casually. "Who and what is this Cadorna? What's his line of business?"

"Everything, my dear boy," Mortimer replied. "He has his finger in every cursed pie in India. Big interest in the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation—controls the Central Bengal—loans money to the rajahs—buys and sells jewelry—he gave a little cough—and—"

"Right-o!" chimed in Ffoliott. "A right-o!" He was silent and winked mysteriously at his friend who winked back.

"What do you mean by 'and'?" asked Ralph with an access of American directness. "What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing wrong exactly," Mortimer replied. "Only you see—he's—he has a drop of Indian blood, and has always stuck close to his Indian connections—up there at Wazirabad."

Ralph looked up sharply. "Wazirabad?" he asked. "The place where our show's going to go?"

"Yes—same place. Cadorna is hand and glove with the old raja there, you see, and—well—zenana life and palace intrigues aren't all ways exactly savory—though Cadorna does make no end of money out of it."

He was silent again; and this time Ralph's patience broke completely. "What's wrong with him? Come through!"

Mortimer lit a cigarette. There was a cold, threatening glitter in his black eyes. "Once Cadorna made love to my sister," he replied, slowly, "in Simla—and I horsewhipped him. That's all."

"Because of his Indian blood?"

"Good heavens, no! Most of old Anglo-Indian families are of mixed blood."

"Then why?"

"I horsewhipped him because the Raja of Wazirabad is his cousin—and because—why, I told you—because palace intrigues aren't always exactly savory."

The Gurkha had stopped with a clanking of cables and a rasping of ropes.

"Come on, chaps!" Ffoliott shouted from the door. "We're there. He shook hands with Ralph Emory. "Good luck and lots of success!"

Ralph shook hands hurriedly. "Look me up Calcutta, fellows!" he cried and ran to help Susan Dunsmore ashore.

But he was too late. She was walking up the gangplank together with a tall, lean man whose thin face ended in a projecting, predatory chin and was furrowed by the dark chasm of deep-set, cynical eyes.

She saw Ralph and smiled at him over her shoulder.

"All right, kid," he thought, "I'll keep my eye on you! You've got a Yankee to look after you. A fat Yankee—but a Yankee, by the many hecks!"

The opening night of "Pigs in Clover," in Calcutta proved beyond peradventure the correctness of Tom's and Ffoliott's estimate—and then some, as he would have phrased it. Everybody came and came early; they remained to the soft thud of the

"Well—he seemed quite serious. Darned near wept on my shoulder."

"Not on your life! It was you!"

"But I only walked across the stage."

"Say it! That's what you did with it! Say it! It ain't the length of the part that counts, it's the way you do it. And you're a real artist. You made the play, Sue—why—next to you, that fat-necked old snap-sucker of a Gwen Lorne looks like a tray of spades in a heart bottle!"

"Mr. Emory!" came a brittle, combative voice. The leading lady had stepped up behind him, fire in her eyes, and a furious read showing through her make-up.

Ralph smiled. "For the love of the board of health, Gwen, he's been playing a bit, but playing it with consummate charm, and drew her in front of the cheering, waving audience, before the curtain descended for the last time."

"Say Sue," Ralph called to her through the closed door of her dressing-room, "we put it over fine!"

"You bet! They're nuts about us—English native, and mixed. I just got collared by a coffee-chair porter who slips me the information that he's going to write an editorial about us—a political editorial!"

"Political?"

"That's what he told me. Says he's going to draw attention to the fact that here the English have been ruling India for over two hundred years, and that this is the first time they had the common decency of showing the downtrodden Hindus what a good Yankee show can be like."

"To wasn't serious, was he, Ralph?"

"Well—he seemed quite serious. Darned near wept on my shoulder."

"Not on your life! It was you!"

"But I only walked across the stage."

"Say it! That's what you did with it! Say it! It ain't the length of the part that counts, it's the way you do it. And you're a real artist. You made the play, Sue—why—next to you, that fat-necked old snap-sucker of a Gwen Lorne looks like a tray of spades in a heart bottle!"

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"Political?"

"That's what he told me. Says he's going to draw attention to the fact that here the English have been ruling India for over two hundred years, and that this is the first time they had the common decency of showing the downtrodden Hindus what a good Yankee show can be like."

"To wasn't serious, was he, Ralph?"

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The Long Arm of Uncle Sam

MANY OF THE MAJOR OPERATIONS OF THE WORLD WAR HAVE NEVER BEEN WRITTEN—MANY OF THEM HAVE NEVER EVEN BEEN HINTED AT—FOR THE REASON THAT THEY WERE UNDERTAKEN BY THE SECRET OPERATIONS OF THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS A FORCE INCLUDING HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN HAS BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT, ROUNDING UP THE ENEMIES WITHIN—JUST AS THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS ARE ALWAYS KEPT BUSY BY THE FORCES OF THE UNDERWORLD WHO CONSIDER UNCLE SAM FAIR PREY. SNUGLERS, COUNTERFEITERS, MAIL THIEVES AND MOONSHINERS NEVER APPEAR TO TIRE OF TRYING TO GET MONEY WITHOUT WORKING FOR IT.

BUT UNCLE SAM'S ARM IS LONG AND HIS MEMORY RETENTIVE. SOONER OR LATER HE NAILS THE MAN WHO BREAKS HIS LAWS, THOUGH IT OFTEN ENTAILS MONTHS OF WORK AND FEATS OF DETECTIVE GENIUS WHICH FAR OUTSTRIP THOSE OF FICTION.

THOUGH WRITTEN IN NARRATIVE FORM, THE ARTICLES IN THIS SERIES ARE ALL BASED ON FACT—FACTS, IN MANY CASES, AVAILABLE ONLY SINCE THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES. NAMES AND LOCATIONS HAVE HAD TO BE ALTERED, BUT A FULL REPORT OF EACH CASE WOULD BE FOUND IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS IF THEY WERE THROWN OPEN TO PUBLIC INSPECTION, FOR THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE INSTANCES IN WHICH THE LONG ARM OF UNCLE SAM HAS REACHED TO SEIZE THE MEN WHO BREAK HIS LAWS.

IX.—A Match for the Government

"I WONDER how long it will take," mused Bill Quinn, as he tossed aside a copy of his favorite fiction monthly, "to remove the ethical restrictions which the war placed upon novels and short stories? Did you notice the changing style in villainage for example? A decade or so ago it was all the rage to have a Japanese do the dirty work—for then we were taking the yellow peril rather seriously—and it was reflected in our reading matter. The tall, well-dressed Russian, with a sinister glint in his black eyes, next stepped upon the scene, to be followed by the villain whose swarthy complexion gave a hint of his Latin ancestry."

"For the past few years, of course, every real villain has had to have at least a touch of Teutonic blood to account for the various treacheries which he tackles. I don't recall a single novel—or a short story, either—that has had an English or French villain who is foisted in the last few pages. I suppose you'd call it the 'entente cordiale' of the novelists, a sort of concerted attempt by the writing clan to do their bit against the Hun, and might good propaganda it was too."

"But, unfortunately, the detective of real life can't always tell by determining a man's nationality whether he's going to turn out to be a crook or a hero. When you come right down to it, every country has about the same proportion of each and it's only by the closest observation that one can arrive at a definite and fact-supported conclusion."

"Details—trifles unnoticed in themselves—play a far larger part in the final denouement than any preconceived ideas or fanciful theories. There was the case of Ezra Marks and the Dillingham diamonds, for example."

Ezra continued the former Federal Service operative, when he had traced his game leg into a position where he no longer gave him active trouble. It was all that the name implied. Born in Vermont, of a highly Puritanical family, he had been named for his paternal grandfather and probably also for some character from the Old Testament. I'm not awfully strong on that Biblical stuff myself.

It wasn't long after he grew up, however, that life on the farm began to pall. He found a copy of the life of Alan Pinkerton somewhere and read it through until he knew it from cover to cover. As was only natural in view of his age he determined to become a great detective, and drifted down to Boston with that object in view. But, once in the city, he found that "detective" was a little more difficult than he had imagined and finally agreed to compromise by accepting a very minor position in the Police Department. Luckily, his best boy stole the water front and he got tangled up in two or three smuggling cases which he managed to unravel in fine shape and, in this way, attracted the attention of the Customs Branch of the Treasury Department, which is always on the lookout for new timber. It's a hard life, you know, and one which doesn't constitute a good risk for an insurance company. So there are always some to be filled—and Ezra plugged up one of them very nicely.

As might have been expected, the New Englander was hardly ever addressed by his full name. "Ezra" was the title they coined for him and "EZ" was from that time on—at least to everyone in the Service. The people on the other side of the fence, however, the men and women who had seen the United States Government as a joke and its laws as hurdles over which they can jump whenever they wish—found that this Mark was far from an easy one. He it was who handled the Wang Poo opium case in San Diego in 1911. He nailed the gun runners at El Paso when half a dozen other men had fallen down on the assignment and there were at least three Canadian cases which bore the imprint of his latest genius on the finished reports.

His particular kind of genius was directed out of the ordinary, too. He wasn't flashy and he was far from a hard worker. He just stuck around and watched everything worth watching until he located the tip he wanted. Then he went to it—and the case was finished!

The chap who stated that "genius is the capacity for infinite attention to details" had Ezra sized up to a T. And it was on one of these details—probably the most trifling one of all—that led to his most startling success.

Europe Returns Diamonds. Back in the spring of 1912 the European agents of the Treasury Department reported to Washington that a collection of uncut diamonds, most of them rather large, had been sold to the German representative of a firm in Rotterdam. From certain tips which they picked up, however, the men abroad were of the opinion that the stones were destined for the United States and advised that each German boat be carefully watched, because the Dillingham diamonds—as the collection was known—had been last heard of en route to Hamburg and it was to be expected that they would clear from there.

people over here are not always alert enough to follow their tips. It's the old game of passing the buck. You have to expect it in any business."

But, as events turned out, the men on the other side were dead right. Almost before the machine had time to shoot the cable and to mail out the stereotyped warnings based upon it, a report filtered in from Wheeling, West Virginia, that one of the newly-made coal millionaires in that section had invested in some uncut diamonds as large as the tip of your thumb. The report came in merely as a routine statement but it set the Customs authorities to thinking.

Chief Mark's eyes were hard to locate, either when they are being brought in or after they actually arrive. Their color is dull and slate-like and there is little to distinguish them from other and far less valuable pebbles. Of course, there might not be the slightest connection in the world between the Wheeling diamonds and those of the Dillingham collection—but then, on the other hand, there isn't.

"Hence," it behooved the Customs people to put on a little more speed and watch the incoming steamers just as carefully as they knew how.

Some weeks passed and the Department had sunk back into a state of comfortable ease—broken only occasionally by a minor case or two—when a wire arrived one morning stating that two uncut diamonds had appeared in New York under conditions which appeared distinctly suspicious. The owner had offered them at a price way under the market figure and then, rather than reply to one or two questions relative to the history of the stones, had disappeared. There was no record of the description of those seen in Malden Lane and the police force inquired if Washington thought they could have been smuggled.

"Of course they could," snorted the Chief. "But there's nothing to prove it. Until we get our hands upon them and a detailed description of the Dillingham stones, it's impossible to tell."

Marks Is Called.

So he called abroad for an accurate list of the diamonds which had been sold a couple of months earlier, with special instructions to include any identifying marks, as it was essential to spot the stones before a case could be built up on them.

The following Monday a long dispatch from Rotterdam reached the Department stating, among other things, that one of the Dillingham diamonds could be distinguished by a heart-shaped flaw located just below the surface. That same afternoon came another wire from New York to the effect that two rough stones, answering to the description of the ones alluded to in a previous message, had turned up in the jewelry district after passing through a half dozen underground channels.

"Give one of the diamonds a heart-shaped flaw in it?" the Chief inquired by wire.

"It has," came back the response. "How did you know it?"

"I didn't," muttered the head of the Customs Service, "but I took a chance. The odds were twenty to one against me, but I've seen these long shots win before. Now I'm going for Mahoney, his assistant, 'well see what can be done to stop the rest of that collection from drifting in—if it hasn't already arrived.'"

"Where?" Marks located now?" the Chief inquired when Mahoney entered.

"Somewhere in the vicinity of Buffalo, I believe. He's working on that case now, the one in connection with—"

"I know," cut in the Chief. "But that's no money compared to this matter of the Dillingham diamonds. Thousands of dollars are at stake here, against hundreds there. Besides, if this thing ever leaks out to the papers, we'll never hear the last of it. The New York office isn't in any too strong a position as it is. Wire Marks to drop the trail of those talk hounds and beat it to New York as fast as he can. Hell and reel work awaiting him there—something that ought to prove a test of the reputation he's built up on the other three borders. Hurry it up!"

Scanty Evidence.

"EZ" found the message awaiting him when he returned to his hotel that night and with the slightest symptom of a yawn, grabbed the next train for New York. As he told me later, he didn't mind in the least dropping the silk matter because he had put in the better part of a month on it and didn't seem any closer than when he started. It took Ezra less than five minutes to get all the dope the New York office had on the case—and it took him nearly six months to solve it.

"The two diamonds in Wheeling and the two that turned up here are the only ones we know about," said the man in charge of the New York office. "The original Dillingham collection contained twenty-one rough stones—but whether the other seventeen have already been brought in or whether the people who are handling them have shipped them elsewhere is wholly problematical. The Chief learned about the heart-shaped flaw from our man at Rotterdam, so that identifies one of the stones. But, at the same time, it doesn't help us in the least—for we can't handle the case from this end."

"Same rules as on the Coast, eh?" inquired Marks.

"Precisely. You've got to tackle the other end of the game. No rummaging

around here, trying to pick up the trail. You end with the stone in Malden Lane. As you know, this bunch is pretty well organized, wheels within wheels and fences on fences. You can't get on one of them and the rest of the crowd will picture themselves black in the face to get him off, with the result that your case will be lagged out of court and the man you're really after—the chap whose rummaging the stones under your nose—is a thousand miles away with a grin on his face. You've got to land him first and the others later, if the Chief wants them. The chance is, though, that he'll be well satisfied to have the goods on the coast, that's doing the main part of the work."

"Well," drawled Marks, "I trust he gets his satisfaction. Got any ideas on the matter?"

"Nary an idea. The stones were sold abroad and presumably they were headed for Hamburg—which would appear to point to a German boat. Four of them, supposedly—out of them, certainly—turned up here without passing through the office or paying the customary duty. Now, go to it!"

When Marks got back to his hotel and started to think the problem over, he had to admit that there wasn't very much to "go to". It was the thinnest case he had ever tackled—a perfect circle of a problem, without the slightest

clue number to make it impossible to watch all of them or even to fix upon two or three which appeared more suspicious than the others.

The information from abroad pointed to the fact that a German boat was involved, there was nothing in the world to prevent the stones from being taken from England or France or Italy and re-shipped from there. They had turned up in the United States, so why couldn't they have been slipped through the customs of other countries just as easily?

The one point about the whole matter that appeared significant to him was that two stones had been reported in each case—a pair in Wheeling and another pair in New York. This evidence would be translated either to mean that the smugglers preferred to offer the diamonds in small lots, so as not to draw suspicion too sharply in their movements, or that the space which they used to conceal the stones was extremely limited.

Chief, inclined to the latter theory, was sure two stones, rather than one had been offered in each instance. If the whole lot had been run in, he argued, the men responsible would market them singly, rather than in pairs—because this would not detract in the slightest from the value of the stones, as it isn't easy to match rough diamonds

size of the stones already spotted, he was stumped. The list included a walking stick, the heels of a pair of women's shoes, two dummy pieces of candy concealed in a box of real confections, a box of talcum, a bag of marbles, the handle of an umbrella, or any one of a number of other trinkets which travelers carry as a matter of course or being home as curios or gifts.

Finally after two solid months of unproductive work, he boarded the mid-night train for Washington and strolled into the Chief's office the following morning to lay his cards on the table.

"Frankly," he admitted, "I haven't accomplished a thing. I'm as far from breaking into the circle as I was at the beginning and, so far as I can see, there isn't any hope of doing it for sometime to come."

"Well," inquired the Chief, "do you want me to drop the matter entirely—to confess that the Customs Service has been hosed by a single clever smuggler?"

"Not at all," and Marks' tone indicated that such a thought had never entered his head. "I want the Service to stick with the case and I want to continue to handle it. But I do want a definite assurance of time."

"How much time?"

"That I can't say. The only lead I've located—and that isn't sufficient to be dignified by the term 'lead'—will take weeks and probably months to run to earth. I don't see another earthly trail to follow, but I would like to have time to see whether this one leads anywhere."

more than one man to finish it. A whole bunch of people always clutter up the place and get you tangled in their pet theories and personal ideas. What I would like, though, is to be kept in close touch with any further developments concerning stones that appear later on—where they are located—their exact weight and diameter and any other facts that might indicate a possible hiding place."

"You'll get that, all right," promised the Chief. "And I trust that you'll develop a red-hot trail of your own before January first."

With that Marks shook hands and started back to New York, fairly well pleased with the results of his trip but totally disgusted with the lack of progress which he had made since leaving Buffalo.

Early in October, a message from Washington informed him that a couple of uncut diamonds had turned up in Cincinnati, stones which answered to the description of a pair in the Dillingham collection.

Around the tenth of November another pair was heard from in Boston and anyone who was familiar with Marks and his methods would have noted a tightening of the muscles around his mouth and a narrowing of his eyes which always indicated that he was nearing the solution of a difficulty.

After receiving the November message he stopped haunting the wharves and commenced to frequent the steamship offices of the Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd and Llanarch

time the diamonds arrived—calculating the time by the dates on which the stones appeared elsewhere—and there were only three ships left. One of them was a North German Lloyd, the second belonged to the Hamburg-American fleet and the third—possessed an unpronounceable Welch name and flew the pennant of the Llanarch Line.

As it happened, the two German ships ran into the teeth of the gale and were delayed three days in their trip, while the Welch boat missed the storm entirely and docked on time.

Two days later came a message from Washington to the effect that two diamonds, uncut, had been offered for sale in Philadelphia.

"Have to have one more month," replied Marks. "Impossible! Can practically guarantee success by fifteenth of January"—for that was the date on which the Welch ship was due to return.

"Extension granted," came the word from Washington. "Reply on you to make good. Can't follow any longer than a month under any circumstances."

Marks grinned when he got that message. The trap was set and, unless something unforeseen occurred, "EZ" felt that the man and the method would both be in the open before long.

When the Welch ship was reported off quarantine in January, Marks bundled himself into a big fur coat and went down the bay in one of the Government boats, leaving instructions that, the moment the ship docked, she was to be searched from deck to stern.

"Don't overlook as much as a pill box or a rat hole," he warned his assistants and more than a score of men saw to it that his instructions were carried out to the letter.

Beyond exhibiting his credentials, Marks made no effort to explain why the ship was under suspicion. He watched the deck closely to prevent the crew from throwing packages overboard and, as soon as they reached dock, he requested all officers to join him in one of the big rooms belonging to the Customs Service. There he explained his reasons for believing that some one on board was guilty of defrauding the Government out of duty on a number of uncut diamonds.

"What's more," he concluded, at the end of an address which was purposely lengthy in order to give his men time to search the ship, "I am willing to stake my position against the fact that two more diamonds are on board the ship at this moment!"

He Offers a Light. Luckily, no one took him up—for he was wrong.

The captain, pompous and self-assertive, preferred to rise and rant against the "infernal injustice of this high-handed method."

Marks settled back to listen in silence and his fingers strayed to the side pocket of his coat where his pet pipe reposed. His mind strayed to the thought of how his men were getting along on the ship and he absently packed the pipe and struck a match to light it.

It was then that his eye fell upon the man seated beside him—Holley, the British first mate of the steamer. He had seen him sitting there before, but had paid little attention to him. Now he became aware of the fact that the mate was smoking a huge, deep-bowled meerschaum pipe. At least, it had been in his mouth ever since he entered, ready to be smoked but unlighted.

Almost without thinking about it, Marks leaned forward and presented the lighted match, holding it above the mate's pipe.

"Light?" he inquired, in a matter-of-fact tone.

To his amazement, the other started back as if he had been struck, and then, recovering himself, muttered, "No, thanks. I'm not smoking."

"Not smoking?" was the thought that flashed through Marks' head, "then why?"

But the solution of the matter flashed upon him almost instantly. Before the mate had time to move, Marks' hand snapped forward and seized the pipe. With the same movement he turned it upside down and rapped the bowl upon the table. Out fell a fair amount of tobacco, followed by two state-colored pebbles which rolled across the table under the very eyes of the captain!

"I guess that's all the evidence we need!" Marks declared, with a laugh of relief. You needn't worry about incriminating your consul and entering a protest, Captain Williams. I'll take charge of your mate and these stones and you can clear when you wish."

"So," added Quinn, as he reached for his tobacco, "I never light a pipe that I don't think of the match that saved a good many thousands of dollars for the Government, the match that sent a man to the Federal prison, the match that landed the Englishman who was more than a match for the Government."

"But, as I said at first, the war came along shortly thereafter and changed not only the nationalities of fictional villains but those of real life as well, as the girl at the Remond switchboard found out in a case that came very close to ending disastrously and which contained more excitement for her than a dozen of the novels which she was fond of reading during her spare time."

"The Girl At The Switchboard"—No. 10 in the "Long Arm of Uncle Sam" series and the account of how Virginia Lane landed a trio of alien enemies who had defied the Secret Service—will be published next.



MARKS LEANED OVER. "HAVE A LIGHT," HE SAID.

HUGHES

est sign of a beginning, save the one which was barred.

Pondering The Case.

Anxious as he was to make good, he had to concede that the Department's policy of working from the other end of the case was the right course to follow. He had heard of too many arrests that fell flat, too many weary weeks of work that went for nothing, because the evidence was insufficient to realize the justice of the regulations that appeared to hamper him.

"No," he thought, as he half-despaired over a physical lack of tobacco, "the case seems to be impregnable. But there must be some way to jimmy into it if you try long enough."

His first move was the fairly obvious one of searching the newspaper files to discover just what ships had docked during the ten days previous to the appearance of the stones in Wheeling. But this led nowhere, because that week had been a very busy one in maritime circles. The "Galle", the "Mauretania", the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse", the "Kronprinzessin Cecilie", the "Deutschland" and a host of other smaller vessels had landed within that time.

Just as a check upon his observations, he examined the records for the week preceding the first appearance of the diamonds in New York. Here again he ran into a snag, but one which enabled him to eliminate at least half of the vessels he had considered before. However, there still remained a sum-

and thus increase their market value.

He Waits Hopefully.

Having settled this matter to his own satisfaction and being convinced that, as not more than two stones were being run in at one time, it would take at least eight more trips to import the entire shipment, "EZ" settled down to a part of the Government detective's work, which is the hardest and the most necessary in his line—that which can best be characterized by the phrase "watchful waiting."

For weeks at the time he haunted the docks and wharves along the New York water front. His tall, angular figure became a familiar sight at every landing place and his eyes roved restlessly over the crowds that came down the gangplank. In a number of instances he personally directed the searching of bags and baggage which appeared to be suspicious. Save for locating a few bolts of valuable lace and an oil painting concealed in the handle of a walking stick which was patently hollow, he failed to turn up a thing.

The only ray of hope that he could glimpse was the fact that, since he had been assigned to the case, four more stones had been reported—again in pairs. This proved that his former reasoning had been correct and also that the smugglers evidently intended to bring in all of the twenty-one stones, two at a time. But when he came to catalog the hiding places, which might be used to conceal two articles of the

An Extension Of Time.

"All right," agreed the Chief, fully realizing what "EZ" was up against and not being hurried by any pressure from the outside—for the case had been carefully kept out of the newspapers—"this is September. Suppose we say the first of the year? How does that suit you?"

"Fair enough, if that's the best you can do."

"I'm afraid it is," was the comment from across the desk, "because that's all the case is worth to us. Your time is valuable and we can't afford to spend a year on any case—unless it's something as big as the sugar frauds. Stick with it until New Year's and, if nothing new develops before then, we'll have to admit we're licked and turn you loose on something else."

"Frankly," said Marks, getting up from his chair, "you can depend upon my doing everything possible in the next three months to locate the look and I surely appreciate your kindness in not delivering an ultimatum that you want the smuggler or my job. But then I guess you know that I couldn't work any harder than I'm going to, anyhow."

"Possibly," agreed the head of the Service, "and then, again, it may be because I have confidence that you'll turn the trick within the year. You'll have help from this end!"

"No, thanks. This looks like a one-man game and it ought not to take

Lines. The latter, as you probably know, is operated by Welch and British capital and runs a few small boats carrying passengers who would ordinarily travel second class, together with a considerable amount of freight.

One Out Of Three.

When the first day of December dawned, Marks drew a deep red circle around the name of the month on his calendar and emitted a prayerful oath to the effect that the good and eternally damned if that month didn't contain all the case is worth to us. Your time is valuable and we can't afford to spend a year on any case—unless it's something as big as the sugar frauds. Stick with it until New Year's and, if nothing new develops before then, we'll have to admit we're licked and turn you loose on something else."

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CHARLES E.
VAN LOAN.

been enlightened. The thing which killed the star pitcher was the same thing which has driven so many brilliant performers out of the big league.

story" on the front pages. Some
irritating imaginations were loosed
upon the disappearance of the star
pitcher. The city boiled with excite-
ment for a great baseball player is

If he was possessed, I never see man work so hard in my life. He has me out finding things for him up. I told him today he'd better do, and take it easy. He's been

of the manner in which, he, almost dying, had brought me to the hospital, had raked my admiring gratitude to the fifth power.



"Obadiah went out to see"

story" on the front pages. Some
irritating imaginations were loosed
upon the disappearance of the star
pitcher. The city boiled with excite-
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If he was possessed, I never see man work so hard in my life. He has me out finding things for him up. I told him today he'd better do, and take it easy. He's been

of the manner in which, he, almost dying, had brought me to the hospital, had raked my admiring gratitude to the fifth power.

REVELATIONS
of a
WIFE
ADELE GARRISON.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

So I wasn't surprised the second morning after my coming to the hospital, to hear her say after the nurse had finished fixing me up for the day:

"Well, I think this modern feminine edition of Job is entitled to a reward."

"SERIOUSLY, DEAR."

"I didn't know that I was exercising any great amount of patience," I returned.

"Don't fib," she retorted, gayly.
"You know very well you've been
dying to know when you're going

home, but you have been too proud
to ask, and I have been proud of
your reluctance. That is one of the

most necessary qualities of a first-class service man or woman—to

I glowed with pleasure at her commendation, for praise from Lil-

"I should be ashamed to be anything else but a good pupil under your tutelage," I said.

"Merel!" she ejaculated, with a fetching Gallic shrug. "How the compliments are flying around this

"Seriously, dear," she said, "I'm sorry to tell you that I don't want

you to go home for a few days yet, although you are perfectly able to leave the hospital this minute."

I am afraid my face showed my disappointment, although I tried to control it.

She bent and kissed me.

"MY OTHER REASON,"

"You're my own brave girl," she said, a note of emotion in her voice.

"You need not on my account."

"I know that, but it's perfectly all right for me to do so. There are two reasons. One of them is

"You mean Cousin Agatha?" I

"Exactly," she returned.
"Did my mother-in-law tell you

"What she could in the few minutes we had together. Your mother-in-law is a brash Madras. But just

"The realization has come to me lately, too," I said with a fleeting

compunction for the times when I had thought my husband's mother anything but a "brack."

"She had Katie call me up yesterday when your cousin was out for a walk," went on Lillian, "and said that Agatha believed you had been

once again, benefited you had been hit by a motor car, and suggested that you stay here until your wound was healed, so that she would not be

"I can see that she is perfectly right," I said, and then united

Lillian had said she had two reasons for my staying at the hospital. I guessed that the second was the

"My other reason," she said slowly, "involves something of

I looked at Lillian with quickened interest when she spoke of the

There was a peculiar fascination to me surrounding the man who had

so chivalrously guarded me during the most thrilling adventure in which I had ever participated.

His personality, I knew from the brief glimpses I had had of him, was a wonderfully complex one of masterful virility and chivalrous

tenderness. That he was a soldier of the highest ideals I was sure also. I had been filled with admiration for

him before the shot which made me unconscious. And Lillian's story of the manner in which he, almost alone, had brought me to the hospital.

... had raised my admiring grati-
tude to the 5th power.



Rail birds.



You see 'em
at races.

Sketches from life by
Westerman.

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The characters you always see at a
race track.—The man with the dyed
mustache and the hunchback.



The "pool" auctioneer.



Types of
owners.



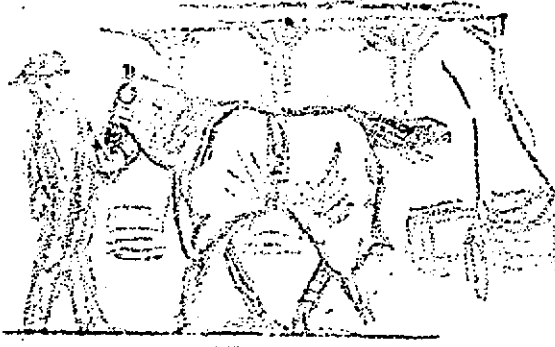
Stable boys.

BOOKIE CLUB

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40



A Bookie.—
"Come on and back 'em, men!"



The one dollar betting face—the ten—the one thousand.